

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 24, 1973 50 CENTS

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SCRAMBLES
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SONY SUPERSCOPE

You never heard it so good.*



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Next week

THE ELITE MEET to carve up oodles of pro golf's richest prizes. Dan Jenkins reports on the Tournament of Champions, where winners beat winners and even the losers get rich.

OLD KENTUCKY HOMAGE is about due, and, just to remind you, Arnie W.B. Park has got it all down in colorful sketches and words, from jukebox and jug bands to—oh, yes—horses.

HE'S A LITTLE HEAVIER in the pocketbook. That's the only charge Ken Rosewall sees in himself at 37, and the guys with a view from the other side of the net tend to agree.

IS YOUR WATCH PULLING A FAST ONE ON YOU?



According to your watch you're about to miss your train.

So you skip breakfast, jump in the car, get a \$15 ticket speeding to the station and what do you find?

Your watch lied.

There's plenty of time before your train.

Now if you had an Accutron[®] watch, things would be different.

It doesn't have a mainspring or a balance wheel that can make ordinary watches fast or slow.

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If you're touring a foreign country, get set for some hard news.

No matter which way you go, you'll run smack into drug laws that are a whole lot tougher than ours.

You may have heard differently. You may have heard possession and sale of drugs overseas or south of our own border is okay. Or at least tolerated. That's a lie. Drugs are illegal. The same as here. And that's the truth.

Only one thing is different. The penalties are stiffer. In Lebanon, for instance, possession and use gets you 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. That's the law. And there's no way around their law.

Drug arrests of Americans overseas have jumped 70% since last year. And nobody can help. Not friends. Or family. Or the sturdiest lawyer in town. Not the United States government.

That's why there are over 700 American citizens doing time on drug charges in foreign jails.

These are the facts. And so are these: the drug laws and penalties of 15 foreign countries.

Which one will you be visiting?

Sweden. Possession or sale, up to 10 months and permanent expulsion from the country.

U.S. Embassy
Sundsvens 101
Stockholm, Sweden
Tel. 63/05/20

Mexico. Possession, 2 to 9 years plus fine. Trafficking, 3 to 10 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs, 6 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a minimum of 6 to 12 months pre-trial confinement.

U.S. Embassy
Cor. Duraboo and
Pasodclatofoma
305 Colonia Cuauhtémoc
Mexico City, Mexico
Tel. 511-7991

Spain. Penalty depends on quantity of drugs involved.
Less than 500 grams, fine and release on bail until trial. More than 500 grams, heavy fine plus minimum of 6 years in jail.

U.S. Embassy
Serrano 75
Madrid, Spain
Tel. 276-3400

Italy. Possession or attempted sale, 3 years. Trafficking, 3 to 8 years. Persons arrested on drug charges are not eligible for bail.

U.S. Embassy
Via V. Veneto
119 Rome, Italy
Tel. 4674

United Kingdom.

Possession of heroin or LSD, 7 years in prison or a fine of \$1,000, or both. Possession of Cocaine or Cannabis, 5 years imprisonment. U.S. Embassy
24/31 Grosvenor Square
W.1, London, England
Tel. 499-9000

Greece. Possession, minimum 2 years in jail. Trafficking, 5 to 20 years plus fine. U.S. Embassy
91 Boudina Sophia's Blvd
Athens, Greece
Tel. 712551

Germany. Possession, 3 years. Law may be changed this summer demanding increased penalty.

U.S. Embassy
Nehlsener Avenue
53 Born-Bad Godesberg
Born, Germany
Tel. 02229-1955

Japan. Sentences based on amount of drugs. Recent case involved 600 grams of hashish. Subject was sentenced to 2 years. Deportation follows.

U.S. Embassy
10-5 Akasaka, 1-Chrome
Minato-Ku, Tokyo
Tel. 583-7141

Lebanon. Possession and use, 1 to 3 years in a mental hospital. Trafficking, 3 to 15 years.

U.S. Embassy
Corniche at Rue Am
Mreisseh, Beirut, Lebanon
Tel. 240-800

Jamaica. Possession, minimum of 18 months. U.S. Embassy
43 Duke Street
Kingston, Jamaica
Tel. 26341

France. Possession, varies, but less than for trafficking. Minimum of 3 to 4 months pre-trial confinement. Trafficking, 1 to 5 years. U.S. Embassy
18 Rue de Franqueville
Paris, France
Tel. Argon 6440

Bahamas. Possession, 3 months to 1 year. U.S. Embassy
Alderley Building
Nassau, Bahamas
Tel. 21181

Canada. Possession of narcotics (including marijuana) up to 7 years in prison at the discretion of the judge.

Up to life imprisonment, but not less than 7 years for importation of narcotics (including marijuana) into the country.

U.S. Embassy
100 Wellington Street
Ottawa, Canada
Tel. 236-2341

Denmark. For violation of the Law of Lægherne, fine, imprisonment or both, up to 2 years, at the discretion of the court.

The Ministry of Justice has announced that foreigners would be expelled or deported from the country if found in possession of even small amounts of hashish. U.S. Embassy
Dag Hammarskjöld's Alle 24
Copenhagen, Denmark
Tel. TRTA 4504

Turkey. Possession, 3 to 15 years. Trafficking, 10 years to life.

U.S. Embassy
110 Ataturk Blvd
Ankara, Turkey
Tel. 125-050



Their drug laws are a whole lot tougher than ours. Check it out.

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TIME
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by Craig Claiborne and Pierre Franey

Here's a gastronomic tour-de-force by one of America's first-rank food authorities and the former executive chef of New York's most renowned restaurant, Le Pavillon. It's a tantalizingly illustrated, succulent look at the history of *la grande cuisine*—its traditions, delights and master practitioners.

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At Bookstores Everywhere \$7.95

FOOTLOOSE

Time once again for mushroom hunters to start bating the bushes of Boyne

A different breed of hunter, the morel mushroom hunter, invades the woods of northern Michigan each year at this time, arriving on the heels of departing ski bums and just before the rainbow trout start leaping. The wave zeroes in on Boyne City, the resort hamlet at the head of Lake Charlevoix, in the northwest corner of Michigan's lower peninsula—the self-proclaimed Morel Mushroom Capital of the World.

This year, as for the past 13 years, they are attracted by the Annual National Mushroom Picking Tournament, swarming in from New York, Ohio, Connecticut, Kentucky, Ontario and Key Colony Beach, Fla.—well, anywhere mushrooms are eaten and revered. Last year 426 gourmets arrived; this year should be bigger despite the fact that fewer mushrooms were picked in 1971 than in any of the previous 12 years of the contest.

Early May is supposed to be the time for the morels in Michigan, but it didn't work out that way last year. Cold, dry weather that drove the trout and smelt off their feed also discouraged the morels, which need large doses of rain and warmth before they begin emerging. Even when they do pop up, they are not easy to spot.

That's part of the challenge, of course. Mrs. Betty Standen, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, who won a prize for her mushroom maneuvers last year, says she sniffs for morels. "The mycelium puts out a distinctive fragrance," she explained. "The mycelium is the mother plant, which remains underground. It is like the trunk of an apple tree and the mushroom is the fruit." When Mrs. Standen hunts she ambles along, sniffing and poking the ground here and there, and when she picks a morel, she gives a laugh of joyous triumph. Last year her 15 mushrooms won her \$60 in prize money.

The all-time champion is a native of Boyne City, Stan Bors, who picked 915 in the 90-minute time limit two years ago. He represents a different school of fungi finders, applying a combination of speedy footwork and sharp eyes. Last year he shot out of the starting line like a rodeo bronco, and returned 90 minutes later, breathless and sweating but, unfortunately, empty-handed.

Gregg Smith, a local editor, started the mushroom hunt 13 years ago, and has watched it grow into an institution. It starts on a Saturday at 10 a.m., when registered contestants line up in cars at Boyne City High School, behind a fire engine and car bearing the Mushroom Queen. They parade through the center of town, streets waving, then head east for the secret hunting

grounds, passing the streams Ernest Hemingway fished in his youth.

Some 15 miles out of town they stop, and the hunters are given their instructions and an officially stamped shopping bag. They have 90 minutes in which to hunt and pick, and they are fined five mushrooms for every minute they are late getting back. The tournament is open to anybody between 10 and 60, and to anyone over 60 who can produce a doctor's certificate attesting to his physical fitness.

The scarcity of morels at the 1971 tournament caused a good bit of grumbling. Hunters complained that they had been cheated (by whom? God?) and wondered what the Chamber of Commerce does with all the money it takes in (registration is \$2). A harassed Chamber official said he was sorry about the dearth of mushrooms, and that maybe the hunt should have been put off a week or so. But, he added, they tried that once with unsatisfactory results. "The mushrooms appeared when they were supposed to and by the time the tournament started they had dried up and blown away," he said.

Do the pickers occasionally come up with a poisonous mushroom? Dr. Marcus Sheffer, who lives in Northville, Mich., says he's been eating morels for 23 years and never found one that made him sick. "Of course, you've got to know your mushrooms and it is most unwise to eat a wild mushroom if you don't know what it is. Some are very dangerous and can even kill you. The most dangerous are full of muscarine, a violent poison. The best antidote is atropine."

True morels are safe, although there is a danger of overindulging, since morels are usually sautéed in butter and are therefore loaded with cholesterol. People over 40 are advised to proceed with restraint.

The weather on this part of the Michigan shore tends to be a shade brisk this time of year, so travelers and potential mushroom hunters are advised to come prepared. Boyne City is not exactly long on tourist accommodations, but there are several surrounding communities (Traverse City is the largest) that offer comfortable lodging at reasonable prices. North Central Airlines flies into Traverse City, and even Boyne City has several connections from places like Detroit, Flint and South St. Marie. Amtrak has abandoned the state north of Detroit, but Greyhound still plies its highways.

The pursuit of the morel calls for resourceful, and not always rewarding, effort. As last year's women's champion, Mrs. Standen, says, "They are about the best-camouflaged plant in the forest. But sometimes if you look up the slopes of hills you can see them poking up, lifting the leaves above them." Unless it's been a dry spring,

—TOM DAMMANN

Suzuki re-unites families.

The father-son weekend is making a comeback. So is the family outing — complete with all-day trips, big picnic lunches, and shared experiences.

And during the week, there's talk around the dinner table about where you went; and where you're going next time.

It's happening all over America with families who own Suzuki motorcycles.

It's a family act — sharing the common bond of riding out in the country, seeing the tree, mountains, and land.

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There's the new Round One. Best money can buy—from Carrier. Or the new Compact. best buy for the money—also from Carrier.

The unique design of the Round One makes it Carrier's most efficient residential unit. It uses the least power to cool an entire house. And it's the quietest, with a new 2-speed system that stays in low for normally hot days, shifts into high for scorchers.

The Round One now has a new solid state control package that constantly monitors every critical circuit. If it senses any problem, it instantly responds to guard against possible damage.

On the other hand, there's the Compact. It doesn't have all the Round One's features—yet it cools every bit as well. And a unique computer-designed fan assembly keeps it just about as quiet. For the money, no other unit delivers more value.

Which is best for your home?

Only a Carrier Dealer can help you decide. To find the one nearest you, look in the Yellow Pages. He'll tell you about both. Some Carrier Dealers can even give you an estimate of your BTU requirements right on the phone.

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OR THE OTHER.

Carrier

air conditioning



What Florsheim is doing for you:



We are maintaining a rapid stream of new ideas. Hundreds of new styles were created, perfected and offered for this Spring. Featured here is crisp white with the added character of elegant premium calfskin, today's broader toe and a look equally right for suit or slacks. Other things being done include putting men into boots of all heights, guarding the legendary authenticity of Imperial brogues, and the fact that Florsheim Shoes not only still start at \$19.95, but still stand for the finest of workmanship and materials. In these changing times Florsheim gets a lot done.

Featuring The BROADMOOR, 40340 White Empire Calf, plain toe, strap and buckle slip on.
Most regular Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$29.95/Most Imperial styles \$29.95

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Introducing an old way to enjoy tobacco.

If you're one of the millions who like to smoke, chances are you think that smoking is the only way to really enjoy tobacco.

Well, we have news for you:

There's more than one way to enjoy the pleasures of the tobacco leaf.

As a matter of fact, people have been partaking of these pleasures in ways that have nothing to do with smoking for hundreds of years.

Satisfying the aristocrats:

Take the aristocracy in England.

As far back as the 16th century, they considered it a mark of distinction—as well as a source of great satisfaction—to use finely-cut, finely-ground tobacco with the quaint-sounding name of “snuff”. At first, this “snuff” was, as the name suggests, inhaled through the nose.

Just a pinch:

Later on, the vogue of sniffing gave way to an even more pleasurable form of using tobacco—placing just a pinch in the mouth between cheek and gum and letting it rest there.

Now, hundreds of years later, this form of tobacco is having the biggest growth in popularity since the days of Napoleon.

And what we call “smokeless tobacco” is becoming a favorite way of enjoying tobacco with Americans from all walks of life.

Anything but obvious:

Why is “smokeless tobacco” becoming so popular in America?

There are a number of reasons.

One of the obvious ones is that it is a way of enjoying tobacco that is anything but obvious.

In other words, you can enjoy it any of the times or places where smoking is not permitted.

Thus, lawyers and judges who cannot smoke in the courtroom, scientists who cannot smoke in the

laboratory, and many people who like to smoke on the job, but aren't allowed to, often become enthusiastic users.

In the same way, people who work or play with their hands get the comfort of tobacco—but don't have to strike a match or worry about how to hold (or where to put) their cigarette, cigar, or pipe.

The big four:

The four best-known, best-liked brands of “smokeless tobacco” are “Copenhagen”, “Skool” and the two flavors of “Happy Days”.

All four are made by the United States Tobacco Company, but each has a distinctive flavor and personality. (To make sure that distinctive

flavor is as fresh as it should be when you buy it, all cans are dated on the bottom.)

Copenhagen, the biggest-selling brand in the world, has the rich flavor of pure tobacco. Skool is wintergreen-flavored. And Happy Days comes in either raspberry or mint flavor—so it's especially popular with beginners.

But if “smokeless tobacco” has many advantages for lovers of tobacco, we must also admit it has one disadvantage.

How to use it:

It takes a little more time and practice to learn exactly how much to use (a “tiny pinch” is the best way to describe it) and exactly how to use it.

To get over that minor problem, we'll be happy to send you a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of “smokeless tobacco”—as well as a few pinches that you can try for yourself.

(Write to “Smokeless Tobacco”, United States Tobacco Company, Dept. 833, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.)

Once you get the knack, you'll find you have something else, too. Another great way to enjoy tobacco.



Smokeless Tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PUNDITRY

The current tendency of columnists and editorialists, some of them astray from their political habitats, to emphasize American disillusionment with a once-favorite sport is both exaggerated and fatiguing.

The baseball strike is supposed to have dramatically opened the fans' eyes to the fact that baseball is "business after all" or "just commerce." This observation seems to give the pundit intense satisfaction, evidently because he feels sport has been dragged down to the level of the other daily activities with which the pundit is normally concerned.

In fact, only a fan of singular obtuseness could ever have thought that business was not a strong element in any professional sport. It is true that pro sport is sport as well as business, in what exact proportions it would be delicate to define, but in some proportion it must be. The owner or player who forgets or overlooks that will be digging his own grave, and we shall be happy to tell him so.

On the other hand, sport is still probably better organized and more cleanly run than a good many aspects of life around us. Those who insist that sport is merely part of the Great American Dream-Bubble belong to the vociferous group that would have us believe there is little or nothing in American society worth preserving.

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

Computers not only project election returns, they also predict Supreme Court decisions. At least they do in Michigan State's department of political science. Dr. Harold J. Spaeth says the computer is almost 100% correct in anticipating the court's decisions. How then will it act on Curt Flood vs. baseball? The crystal ball—er, computer—says Flood will win. The vote should be unanimous in his favor, although Justice Rehnquist may dissent. The decision will not be a total defeat for baseball, however. It will

lose its immunity from antitrust laws, which it has had since the court's 1922 decision that the game did not constitute interstate commerce, but a "reasonable" form of the reserve clause will be retained. And there still will be several years of litigation about that in the lower courts.

O.K.? Now, about the election. . .

WISDOM OF BILLY

If the International Lawn Tennis Federation and World Championship Tennis, which is Lamar Hunt's stable of contract pros, do not reach agreement in their continuing negotiations to end the tennis civil war, Billy Talbert, the old doubles star who is tournament director at Forest Hills, thinks he has a solution that might save his tournament's prestige as America's No. 1 tennis show. If ILTF and WCT players are not allowed in the same tournament, suggests Talbert, why not put on separate but simultaneous tournaments—at the same place? The spectator coming out to Forest Hills to see his favorites would see all of them, with a WCT match here and an ILTF match there. On Saturday he would see the finals of both tournaments. And then, on Sunday—super-tennis!—with the champions of the separate groups meeting *mano a mano* in a grand finale.

Problems involving things like an equitable distribution of prize money seem insurmountable at the moment ("I'll work them out!" insists Talbert), but the idea is kind of appealing.

NEW RUG

That slippery Poly-Turf in Miami's Orange Bowl (SI, Oct. 18, 1971) is being replaced. American Biltrite is taking up the \$205,000 polypropylene material and replacing it with a nylon surface. The troublesome turf had the longest "grass" of the various mod sods, but in time it lost its color and became matted and slick. The new turf will be of nylon and will have shorter, thicker fibers and a

deeper underpad. When the first rug was laid down in Miami two years ago a company official said, "The Orange Bowl is our showcase. If we have to replace the surface every year, we'll do it." Obviously, they did not really expect they would have to. "We have Poly-Turf on 11 other fields around the country," says American Biltrite's Art Spinney, "and this is the only one that has given us all this trouble."

UPBEAT

A heart research team from the University of Wisconsin at La Crosse found, to no one's surprise, that competition makes the heart beat faster in some individuals, but it also discovered that the release of pressure is what triggers an accelerated heartbeat in others. The guinea pigs in the experiment were four mem-



bers of the professional bowlers' tour, Wayne Zahn, Norm Meyers, Dick Ritger and Nelson Burton Jr. The research team taped electrodes and radio transmitters to the chests of the four bowlers and took electrocardiograms by remote control during the \$80,000 Miller Open in Milwaukee. Burton, who won, bowled a perfect 300 game while wired for research. Ritger, who finished third in the tournament, during one two-game stretch ran off 17 straight strikes.

"Burton's normal heartbeat of 75-80 picks up to about 110 when he starts competing," said Dr. Philip Wilson of the research team. "When he got into that 300 game, his heart rate went up to 160. On the last ball he was at 180. In the final game Saturday, the one for first place, he was pumping at between 175 and 184. As he does well, he gets more and more emotional, but when he has a bad frame the beat drops right down.

continued



All men contend with the questions posed by the contrasts of sickness and health, poverty and plenty. And ask the question 'why'. Why loneliness in a world that would join hands? Why war when the impulse of the heart is to love? The achy chasm between the real and the ideal everywhere provokes the question...

WHY?

In a world looking for answers maybe God is the place to start.
God is hope. God is now.



SCORECARD *continued*

almost as if it's a relief it's over." Ruter, said Wilson, was just the opposite. During his run of 17 strikes his heartbeat stayed at a low and steady 120. "When he moved, however, it jumped up to 150," said Wilson. "He's really cool out there."

The UW-La Crosse experiment was part of a National Bowling Council program to develop standards to present to the President's Council on Physical Fitness. The idea is to give league bowlers a few precautions, such as avoiding 300 games unless a cardiac specialist happens to be in the next lane.

We'll try to remember that.

LAST BASTION

Springfield College in Massachusetts, which is noted for its physical education courses, is yielding to the feminine invasion of things hitherto considered masculine. Next fall it will introduce a course in football for women. There are some consultations for male conservatives. The football will be modified two-hand touch, instead of tackle. And because "we didn't have anyone qualified to teach the game," as Margaret Thorsen, director of the women's physical education division at Springfield, admitted, they had to turn to men for help. Football coaches Wy Mancini and Graham Foster wrote the course outline and will assist in teaching it during the first year. In time, of course, demonstrators will demand that pro teams take on women as assistant coaches.

GOUT AND GOLD

Marty Liguori, the miler everyone thought had succeeded Jim Ryun as our prime candidate for a gold medal in the Olympic 1,500, stopped training a couple of months back because of a persistent injury in his left heel. Two weeks ago he tried jogging but "I hurt worse than ever." He decided to give up running altogether and forget about the Olympics.

But he paid one last visit to a doctor, and now hope is burgeoning again. "He said little crystals showed up in the X rays," Liguori explains. "He said it's probably the gout. The muscle could be completely healed and all the pain could be coming from the gout. He's treating me for it. I'm dieting. If that's what it is, it should be cleared soon and I can start serious training again."

Liguori with gout, traditionally a dis-

ease of middle-aged swingers? It won't come as a surprise to Jim (Jumbo) Elliott, Liguori's coach at Villanova. "Jumbo told me last fall it could be that," Liguori says. "I kept telling him he was crazy. We all tend to think of Jumbo as being a little wild sometimes. When he finds out about this I'm going to hear the loudest 'I told you so' in history."

Even if it is gout and it is cleared up, the question remains whether Liguori has time to get in shape for the Olympic Trials. He was able to run eight miles last Friday and 13 miles Saturday but, as he says, "It will mean track 24 hours a day for the next 10 weeks. It will be murder, but I'll make it. Mentally, I'm already angry. All the week that went into track, the great year I had last year, the confidence that I could improve, and now this. The way I feel, I want to beat somebody."

WAGES OF SIN

A glittering bit of sportsmanship came to light in the early weeks of spring. Yes, indeed. In the Eastern Basketball League a schedule conflict and some bad traveling weather combined to leave the Wilkes-Barre Barons two games short when the regular season ended. Both were home games. If Wilkes-Barre had played and won both those games it would have moved into a tie for fourth place. If it then had won the team-to-team showdown for fourth it would have qualified for the league playoffs. A continuation of this theoretical hot streak in the playoffs could conceivably have won Wilkes-Barre the league championship. A miracle finish, of course, but who can forget the Braves of 1914 and the Giants of 1951?

It was not to be. The league decided that if Wilkes-Barre played and won those two missing games the playoffs would be unduly put off, thus "causing financial loss to the other teams and probably delaying the end of the playoffs until May"; consequently, the Barons were told to forfeit the games, disappear from the scene and let the other clubs get on with it. The vote to cancel was unanimous, meaning that Wilkes-Barre went along with the idea.

William Montezuma, league commissioner, pointed out that poor attendance was a factor in the Barons' decision to quit without further ado. Asked if forfeiting might not have an adverse effect

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

on the fans' future attitude toward the team, Montzman said, "I've been wondering about that." Amen.

BOBBY, JACK—BEN?

Young Ben Crenshaw's 19th-place finish in the Masters Tournament deeply impressed the world of golf. Nineteenth place may not seem like much, but at the Masters it meant \$2,500 (that the 20-year-old Crenshaw would have won if he had not been an amateur. Last year he played in three pro events and tied for seventh, 24th and, in the U.S. Open, 27th. He would have earned \$6,000 in just those three, and there are more than 40 tournaments. "Each year he stays off the tour," Jimmy Demaret commented some time ago, "it's going to cost him \$100,000."

Crenshaw, son of an Austin, Texas attorney, is a sophomore at the University of Texas. Last year, as a freshman, he won the NCAA individual championship and led Texas to the team title (SI, July 5, 1971). He hints he might turn pro after this year, and if he does it will be fun to watch. Labron Harris, golf coach at Oklahoma State, whose son Labron Jr. led the U.S. Open after the first round last June, says, "Crenshaw is head and shoulders above any other amateur. He's another Jack Nicklaus or Bobby Jones. He's in that class."

THEY SAID IT

- Gene Shue, Baltimore Bullet coach, on the NBA draft during the playoffs: "We have everything at once in the NBA. I think we should have the draft after the playoffs. The ABA! They have their draft before the school year starts."
- Bill Sharman, Los Angeles Laker coach, who strained a muscle in his throat, reducing his voice to a whisper: "At least it saves me money on possible technical fouls. Now when I yell at the officials they can't hear me."
- Collie Nicholson, Grambling sports information director, on how to get to the Louisiana school: "You take an airplane to a point 100 miles away. You go 50 miles by bus. Then you hitchhike as far as you can go. And you take the rest by covered wagon."
- Fraser Scott, middleweight boxer, who has had a checkered career, asked if he has ever been threatened with harm: "Not yet, but I'd like to say right now that if I met an accidental death, it wouldn't be accidental."

END

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CHRYSLER



BOMBS AWAY OUT WEST

Milwaukee blew open the first game and someone threatened to blow up the arena in the third. But at the end of four, the series was even—with the biggest explosions to come

by **PETER CARRY**



This was the week the NBA planned to give us the Los Angeles Lakers and the Milwaukee Bucks in that long-awaited smash thriller, the Western Conference championship playoffs. The show would star Jerry West, everybody's all-time playoff favorite, plus a huge cast of big-name players who would amaze us with their soaring choreography, leave us agape at their virtuosity and grip us with their dramatic intensity.

Indeed, there were glimpses of all those things. Yet somehow the production, attended as high suspense, often dropped to the level of simple farce. Perhaps it was the bad lighting or the comic score in the first act, or possibly it was the squat little referee who made an unexpected cameo appearance in the second. The bomb scare that sent the audience scurrying after the third act didn't exactly help. But fortunately there were some unexpectedly good performances to uplift the entire show. Wilt Chamberlain, never noted for extraordinary postseason success, was often spectacular in his whirling duels with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. And one of the least-known Lakers, a self-acknowledged spear carrier known among his teammates as Floyd Butterball, suddenly became a bright new Los Angeles celebrity.

Retired star forward and official team nickname Elgin Baylor gave that title to his successor, Jim McMillian (No. 5 on cover), when he decided that McMillian looked like a rotund facsimile of Floyd Patterson. McMillian is, indeed, a heavyweight—last summer he ballooned to 235 pounds—but still he hit the Bucks for his pro high of 42 points just when it seemed that Milwaukee had the Lakers on the ropes. After his team stumbled off to a horrendous start, McMillian's shooting evened the series, and then, joined by Gail Goodrich on offense and Chamberlain on defense, he kept firing while Los Angeles won the third game.

At least the comedy overtones were gone when the Lakers faced Milwaukee for the fourth session Sunday evening. When the series had started, it seemed that the Bucks would get all the laughs.

In the opener at Los Angeles, Milwaukee's defense, overplaying and double-teaming the Lakers, pushed them away from their favorite shooting spots. Thus, a number of off-target attempts by the Lakers—even when men were open—resulted in a dismal 27% shooting average. Los Angeles managed merely eight points in the third period and lost by the high school total of 93-72.

On the day before that first game, several Lakers, led by Goodrich, complained during practice about the extra lights ABC television had installed in The Forum. Although an identical lighting setup had been used to televise the 1970 playoffs, the Los Angeles front office asked ABC to change it. Network technicians worked until midnight to make the modifications, but when Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke arrived at

The Forum on the next morning he said the lighting was still unacceptable and told ABC to remove even more globes. Out they came.

After the game and the stunning Laker loss, both Cooke and some members of the Los Angeles press seemed convinced that the only reason the Lakers could have dropped 50 points below their usual scoring average was the lighting—even though the Bucks played under the same conditions. Cooke called in the heads of the ABC crew for further lighting conferences, initially demanding that only The Forum lights be used for the second game, then eventually agreeing to a configuration only minimally different from the one ABC had intended to use in the first place. Meanwhile, the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* seemed ready to call technical fouls on every-

continued

Wilt Chamberlain in pain after he blocked Jabbar, then bounced into opponent on the way down.



Overcrowding Jabbar to the left to protect against Milwaukee star's deadly hook shots, Chamberlain rises up with a jolty block.

one from the network to Thomas Edison. The dispute ended abruptly after the second game, which the Lakers won 135-134.

"The change in the lights did take away some of our home-court advantage in the first game; it changed the environment somewhat," whispered Laker Coach Bill Sharman, who is suffering through his second month with strained vocal cords and sounds these days like Walter Brennan with a strep infection. "If we had lost by one point, I might have said the lights could have had something to do with it. But when you lose by 19, it's not the lights. It was simply that our good shooters were all way off. Gail made two of 14, Jimmy hit three of 20 and Jerry four of 19."

McMillian and Goodrich broke their slumps in the second game, but West did not. He hit merely 10 of 30 shots and said afterward, "I know what I'm doing wrong. I'm turning my hand over too much, and I've got a slice like in golf. I can't get it stopped; it's just got to go away by itself." Something which would not go away by itself was Oscar Robertson, who guarded West tightly,

harassing him with firm hand checks and his superior size and strength despite a deep muscle pull in his stomach which restricted his normal quickness. Since Robertson arrived in Milwaukee in 1970, West has not played well against the Bucks: last season he hit only 32% of his shots, and by the fourth game of this year's playoffs he was still under 40% for the series. In the third game West scored on nearly half his attempts, but he tried only 19 shots and generally took only wide open ones.

In the first Laker win, McMillian, shooting mostly long jumpers from the corner, outscored Jabbar, who threw up a mixed bag of precise hooks and jump shots, by 42-40. "I can't really tell you how I fit into this team," McMillian said. "I'm just the fat, little dude wearing No. 5. To tell you the truth, I was thinking the other night when I was in bed that after we win it all I ought to go to Sharman and ask him how my play measured up this year to what he had in mind for me. He's really never defined what he expects of me. But that's not too important in my case. With Jerry, Will and Gail it is, but I'm not as im-

portant to the core of the team as they are."

He was too modest. In the next game, McMillian's pinpoint bombing (16 of 25 shots) led the Lakers to a victory they could hardly have expected, since the Bucks shot an extraordinary 61%. Milwaukee actually outscored Los Angeles by 10 points from the field, but the Lakers were awarded 21 more free throws and made 11 of them. In fact, in all the games, Los Angeles got many more foul shots than the Bucks, a circumstance that sent Milwaukee, particularly Coach Larry Costello, into continual tirades against the officials. And no official action infuriated the Bucks more than the incident involving Referee Manny Sokol in the crucial final moments of that second game.

With Los Angeles leading 133-132, the Bucks began closing in on West as he brought the ball over the 10-second line. Trapped against the sideline by Robertson and Jabbar, West tried to reverse his direction and cross over his dribble. The ball squirted away from him and was hopping rapidly toward the backcourt—where it automatically would have become the Bucks' property—when it hit Sokol, who was trailing the play and was unable to jump clear of the ball's path. Rebounding off the referee's thigh, the ball bounced directly back to West, who was again challenged by Jabbar. This time the big Milwaukee center batted the ball from West's hands, and Jerry narrowly outraced him to it. "It was like he was eight feet tall," West said, an observation that is not too far from wrong.

Before the third game, both teams staged secret practice sessions in the Milwaukee Arena. The Bucks worked out in characteristic near-silence, Costello guiding his tightly organized drills with little exchange of amenities or information with his players. The Lakers, who practice more than any other pro team, were looser. Neither West nor Chamberlain (who arrived in one of his custom-made pinstriped blue suits and walked through the patterns in his stocking feet), participated fully in the drills. Even on strategy questions Sharman consulted with his players, who often made suggestions that were readily accepted.

After the game plans were set, the Lakers split into groups of twos and threes for their competitive shooting drills—conducted with plenty of cheat-

Mixing it up at close quarters, West, Jabbar, Will and Oscar present this scintillating portrait.



ing, laughter, ribaldry and lower forms of gamesmanship. At one point West bet Goodrich \$100,000 (a substantial chunk of the two-year, \$600,000 contract Jerry reportedly has approved for the coming seasons) that Gail could not make eight six-foot jump shots in a row. Goodrich easily made 10; collecting his winnings will be considerably more difficult. Wilt, long a great outside shooter in practice—he made 28 of 29 free throws this day—then defeated Goodrich in two of three games of shooting corner shots for \$5 apiece.

The next night Chamberlain took only three shots in the entire game as Goodrich (30 points) and McMillan (27) again led the Laker offense. And again the Bucks lost a slim lead in the closing minutes. But it was Chamberlain who turned the game to the Lakers' favor. Chamberlain's tactic of overplaying Jabbar to his left had not been effective in the first 18 minutes of play; the Buck center had scored 17 points. Wilt's intent was to prevent Abdul-Jabbar from swinging leftward for his deadly hook shot, but Kareem had reacted by rolling in his right for short jumpers and sev-

eral easy layups. But from 5:13 of the second period until 5:38 of the third, Wilt held Jabbar scoreless and blocked five of his shots, including a dunk and a layup in which Jabbar crashed into Wilt, knocking Chamberlain to the court in pain.

Meanwhile, McMillan scored 15 points as Los Angeles surged from three points behind to six ahead. Then Abdul-Jabbar, fooling Wilt with head fakes and flashy ball handling, scored four consecutive baskets, bringing the Bucks to a 72-72 tie. In the fourth quarter Chamberlain regained his mastery, holding Kareem without a field goal in the final 11:10. In all, Abdul-Jabbar scored 33 points and outrebounded Wilt, but Chamberlain had forced him to take 37 shots to hit his total.

Several minutes after the game was over some of the Bucks were seen scampering from the arena still wearing their warmup suits, perhaps to escape the press, but also perhaps to avoid another bombing. During the evening a caller had informed arena officials that a bomb was inside, due to go off about 10 minutes after the game. Unlike the Lakers, it never went off.

Then came Sunday afternoon. And out came the Bucks, breathing fire, belching smoke, spitting venom and acting generally mean. Milwaukee broke to an 11-0 lead, and the Lakers never again came closer than five points as they lost 114-88.

It was a simple brute win—no comedy. All three of the Buck starting front-court men outrebounded Chamberlain (Milwaukee finished with a 75-43 advantage on the boards), and Kareem showed Wilt every move from a behind-the-back dribble to outside jump shots to a rare left-handed hook. He scored 31 points to celebrate his 25th birthday.

But more important than Jabbar's superiority over Wilt—which is never unexpected—was the performance of his Buck teammates. Robertson again stymied West, who scored on only nine of 23 shots and, more surprisingly, turned in a sloppy floor game. "I'm tired of shooting. I'm tired of doing everything," West had complained earlier. "I'm supposed to score, and then I'm supposed to defend against the other team's high-scoring guard. I played too many minutes against this year. When there are 17,000 people in The Forum, for example, I have to play 40 minutes



Firing around Oscar, West applies a pass.

whether the game is close or not."

Slender Bob Dandridge outmuscled McMillan, scoring 24 points, pulling in 15 rebounds and holding the bigger man to 18 points. Although he was the only Laker regular shooting accurately, McMillan only took four shots in the second half as Dandridge, with ample help from Jabbar, screened him from the ball. Still, McMillan was occasionally left wide open while other Lakers were taking difficult shots.

"Don't ask me how it happened," he shrugged. And then he pointed at West and Goodrich sitting in front of adjacent lockers. "Ask them. They're the guys with the ball."

Thus, after splitting the first four games, the Lakers headed back to the Coast and its theoretic edge, the home-court advantage. But perhaps Milwaukee held a bigger one. In the composite of those games, the Bucks had outshot, outrebounded and outscored Los Angeles. Twice they had defeated the Lakers embarrassingly. "They really haven't proved they can beat us yet," said Costello. "They've won by one point and three; we've won by 21 and 26." If the Lakers can keep the games close, they should win. But the Milwaukee Bucks may not stand still long enough for that to happen.

AND

Tightly sandwiched, Goodrich sneaks out.





AND ON THE 10th DAY THEY PLAYED BALL

The strike settled, baseball opened the 1972 season last weekend 10 days late, and it might take longer to put players and game back together again. Rain and cold weather held down some crowds, but many of the fans who did show up were bitter. In New York, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn (*below*) was resoundingly booed at the Met opener, but Manager Yogi Berra and his players were rousing cheered. In Chicago, a disappointing 17,401 fans were depressed as the Phillies' Steve Carlton (*left*), sporting a colorful new double-knit uniform, beat the Cubs 4-2 thanks to a dropped fly ball by Jose Cardenal with two out in the ninth. In February, Carlton was traded by the Cardinals after contract trouble, and St. Louis Owner August Busch last week dealt off another economic dissident, Pitcher Jerry Reuss, to Houston for two minor-leaguers. Busch himself was absent from his box as the Cards drew a tiny crowd

of 7,808, the third smallest since his Stadium opened in 1966. Busch further showed his displeasure by having his front office announce that players would no longer have the luxury of rooming alone on the road, but would double up to save the club \$10,000. Vocal fans sided with Busch. As Bob Gibson struggled through the first inning against Montreal, one yelled, "Hurry up, I've got to go to a union meeting," and when Jose Cruz misplayed a single another shouted, "Put a dollar sign on it!"

Pitchers were generally ahead of hitters, who were clearly ahead of fielders. Mickey Lolich, an ahead pitcher who never looks like he's in shape anyway, threw a complete game for the Tigers, retiring the last 17 Red Sox. Out West, the Padres beat the Braves 6-5, and Rightfielder Larry Stahl said happily, "It's the first time we've ever been in first place this late in the year."

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



DOWN AND OUT FOR MINNESOTA

The North Stars lost Goalie Gump Worsley and ultimately their savage Stanley Cup series to St. Louis as Minnesota's home-ice edge evaporated in overtime of the seventh game. The Blues' reward? The Bruins **by MARK MULVOY**



It was an old-fashioned gangland show down. On one side was the Over-the-Hill Mob from Minnesota: guys named Gump and Big Cesare and Dino and Muzz. On the other side were the Mod Bombers from St. Louis: the smart young turks known as Wolfman, Phil the Intimidator, the Three Bears and the Mighty Micks. They were fighting for control of the Mississippi River waterfront and, secondarily, a shot at the Stanley Cup.

The war between the North Stars and the Blues had raged for six games, each side winning three times at home. Then the Blues invaded Minnesota for the final bash. "The North Stars think we are afraid of them," said Garry (Wolfman) Unger, the young St. Louis center with the long, gold locks. "They think they're going to skate over a bunch of kids. Huh! A few good raps and you won't even see the old men."

One old man the Blues definitely were not going to see was 42-year-old Goal-tender Gump Worsley. Bob Plager, middle bear of the St. Louis brother trio, had crashed into Worsley at the goal mouth in the sixth game of the series down in St. Louis, and at game time three days later Gump was still somewhat punch-drunk. "I'm ready," said Cesare Maniago, who had shared the goaltending job with Worsley all season. "I went to see *The Godfather* last night, and now I'm in the right mood."

There was one St. Louis soldier, though, who worried Maniago and all the North Stars. If Phil (The Intimidator) Roberto had spelled himself Robertieu, he would probably still be playing for the Montreal Canadiens. The Canadiens traded him to St. Louis at Christmas time, and Roberto had become the enforcer up front that the Blues had always lacked. "He likes to rap people," Unger said. "He's got some of their guys thinking more about what he's going to do to them than what they should be doing themselves."

Roberto's essential cup assignment against the North Stars was to harness Bill Goldsworthy, a right wing who had scored 31 goals during the season. "I, ah, talked to him," Roberto explained. "Nothing serious, just plain talk." He

also carried a big stick, with which he would crack Goldsworthy every time he touched the puck.

Minnesota seethed. "I'm really disgusted with the way Roberto's been playing," complained Wren Blair, the general manager. "He's getting away with murder. He's working the law of diminishing returns to his advantage. He's trying his damndest to intimidate our guys by taking cheap shots when he knows someone won't fight back. Sure, he gets penalized, but as the game goes on the referee begins to think, 'Jeez, I've already given him seven minutes, and if I give him any more it might look as though I'm not to get him.' So Roberto plays the rest of the game without any worries." What bothered Blair most of all, though, was that Roberto, who had only 15 goals all year, had turned into the Blues' best scorer, with six goals and five assists in the first six cup games.

Besides attending to Goldsworthy, the Blues realized they had to contain the slick center, Jude Drouin, who is one of hockey's best playmakers. "Drouin doesn't like the rough stuff," Bob Plager said, "so I'm going to work on him early. The first time he comes near our net I'll rap him lightly on the ankles with my stick. He'll get mad, and I'll tell him, 'I do it so the referee never sees me, and the next time I'm going to hit you with a two-hander.' If he doesn't believe me and hangs around the net again, well, he'll get that two-hander."

The Blues knew the enemy, all right, but were still getting acquainted with one another. Most of their older players had been swept out in the purge that followed the dismissal of Coach Scotty Bowman last year. There were three different coaches by Christmas, and 39 different players during the season. The biggest turnover was in goal, where the Blues rejected four candidates before finally settling on a 31-year-old minor league retiree, Jacques Caron, in madison. "I knew if I waited long enough my time would come," said Caron. "I told my wife I'd make it to the NHL when I was 32, but I beat that by a year." Caron became Blues property a year ago when Sid Salomon III, who runs the club, bought the Denver franchise in the Western League. "I needed an excuse to get West to play golf," said Sid the Third, "and, well, someone had to scout Den-

ver against Phoenix and San Diego."

At throbbing Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington the message board flashed a reminder to the fans. "When Stars come out, let's hear it." They heard it in Duluth. The Blues took the lead midway in the first period on a goal by Gary Sabourin, who neatly deflected a slow shot by Bob Plager past Maniago. "Nice," Plager said. "Usually my shots travel so slowly that when the guys try to deflect them, they stop them instead."

Caron was larcenous in goal through a scoreless second period, particularly against Barry Gibbs, Murray (Muzz) Oliver and Jean-Paul Parise. Roberto had Goldsworthy and a few other North Stars looking over their shoulders, and Bob Plager, as he had promised, kept tapping away at Drouin's ankles in front of the Blues' goal. Still, the crowd roared on, and just before the third period began the message board flashed: "Let's show 'em we love 'em." For five minutes the Met was your friendly insane asylum.

The North Stars needed only 15 seconds to tie the score. Charlie Bures, a 36-year-old handyman who used to coach the team, sneaked behind the Blues' defense and slid a backhand between Caron's legs. Again the North Stars pressed furiously, pelting Caron with pucks. Indeed, the Blues got the puck past the red line only once in five minutes. The place was jumping, and when Unger came onto the ice the crowd whistled. "Let them whistle and call me names," Unger said. "If they didn't know who I was, they wouldn't be whistling."

In the last minutes of regulation time, as the Stars dominated play, the board begged "Help." But, with 32 seconds left, Caron stopped the Stars' best move—a shot by Oliver from 15 feet, and the game went into overtime. Caron and Maniago repeatedly matched big saves, and then the Mighty Micks struck for the young turks. Danny O'Shea, a former North Star, took the puck across and passed to his brother Kevin, who fired it in from 35 feet at 10:07. "The puck hit the post," Maniago said later, "and then it bounced off the top of my stick and fell into the net."

For the first time the Met asylum was quiet and the message board was speechless. Given a heart, it might have wished the Blues luck against their semifinal opponents, the Boston Bruins. Now there's a mob.

END

Gump Worsley has unconscious after a heavy check, and the Blues' blond Barry Oliver plays stick-'em while Jude Drouin gapes.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN

On successive weekends, Vaulter Kjell Isaksson exceeded a world record that had lasted 18 months

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

Here he comes, Kjell Isaksson, a 5' 8½" Swede with a 16-foot pole—and he can go higher on that thing than any other person in the world can go on anything a person can carry. All right, a backpack jet engine can take you farther up, but when it comes to man's own bodily power and his basic sticks-and-stones extensions, the world's top performer in the *stabhopp* stands, for a split second, head and shoulders and trunk and legs and several feet of fiberglass tubing over everybody else.

Stabhopp is Swedish for pole vault. Isaksson is a 24-year-old former gymnast who last Saturday in the Meet of Champions in Los Angeles vaulted cleanly over a bar that had been placed about a foot higher than Nate Thurmond sitting on the shoulders of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar standing on Wilt Chamberlain's head.

In abstract terms that is 18' 2"—a new world record, one inch higher than the old one set by Isaksson at the Texas Relays the week before. This same Isaksson also holds the indoor record of 17' 10½" set on Feb. 26 in Madison Square Garden. Who is he, as short as he is, that he should be so ascendant?

Well, here we are at UCLA on a balmy mid-April day with a seven-mph tailwind blowing, and here he comes. When he is not sprinting down a runway with that pole in front of him, he is a busy,



boyish, generally weedy-looking individual of 150 pounds, with slightly pushed-in front teeth, a pleasant but fleeting smile, floppy collar-length blond hair, unnaturally wide shoulders and an air of absorption and confidence, as though he knows something that makes him not really so weedy. Now, as he smoothly gathers speed in his unusually long approach, you begin to get an inkling of what he knows, to feel that if he were to hit a time-warped and be transported into a jousting contest he would, without breaking stride, knock a large man in armor off an oncoming horse.

But let us say that this is one of those approaches when Isaksson's countryman, fellow *hopp*-er and roommate Hans Lagerqvist has observed that Kjell's foot has not landed at a certain point, and has shouted "*trapp!*" In Swedish,

"*trapp*" means nearly the same as "stop." So Isaksson has pulled up short, and we have a moment in which to examine his case.

Until the age of 16, Isaksson lived in Sollefteå, a town of 10,000 people some 300 miles north of Stockholm. He says his father "once won a cycling competition, even though he was the only one using an ordinary bike," and that his mother was an accomplished rower and gymnast. When he was 10, Kjell took up gymnastics at his mother's urging, and he became the best in his age group in the province.

"Kjell and his mother are very close," says Swedish journalist Lennart Cedrup. "It is like the relationship between Ingemar Johansson and his mother." After his parents were divorced, Kjell moved with his mother to Sundbyberg, a Stockholm suburb, where, as it happened, there were no gymnastics clubs.

At 16, therefore, he took up pole vaulting and the high jump. At 17 he was the Swedish schoolboy champion in the pole vault, and the next year he won the 18-and-under title. He continued to compete in the high jump until a couple of years ago, when after clearing 6'6" he concluded that he was too short to be world class. Since the taller you are the higher up on the pole you can grip and the less you have to push yourself up, his build is not ideal for vaulting, either, but his compactness, his "short levers," help give him "really good quickness on the pole"—to borrow phrases used by his friend, Dick Rulishack, the 17-foot-plus California vaulter, in describing Isaksson's form.

"I don't think at all when I jump," Kjell explained the day before the UCLA meet, in the apartment in the Hawthorne section of Los Angeles where he and Lagerqvist are residing while working out in the Southern California warmth (it is too cold to train outdoors in Sweden until late May). "I can feel how to do things. This comes from gymnastics—you can control your body, you know where you are the whole time."

"It is different for me," says Lagerqvist, who is just coming into his own—he has cleared 17'8½"—at the age of 31. "I have to think about my tech-

continued

INCHING UPWARD. Isaksson leaps 18'8" in Austin, Texas, then a week later boards from the pit after clearing 18'2" in Los Angeles.



nique, to examine it. Kjell just has it in his head and jumps."

At 20 Isaksson finished 10th in the Mexico City Olympics with 16' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", and he says he now feels capable of 18' 4". He is his own coach and keeps his own counsel.

"He is pretty much into himself while he is competing," says Railsback. While Isaksson seldom shows excitement after a big jump, he is popular with other vaulters and with the public. In Sweden he is not a national hero because track and field is not big there, but he has had enough financial support from sports-minded Swedish groups to enable him to train the way he wants to. When he returns to Sweden in a few weeks he will use his degree in physical training for the first time, working in a kids' after-school athletic program. He has now ironed out his vaulting technique thoroughly enough so that, except to test a new pole, he never jumps in practice—only runs and lifts weights. He is far more consistent than the only other 18-foot vaulter, Chris Papanicolaou of Greece, who bettered that height by a quarter-inch when he set the listed world record in Athens on Oct. 24, 1970.

Still, the Isaksson phenomenon is not entirely pure and simple. There is the matter of the pronunciation of his name, which is not his problem but is confusing to non-Swedes. First of all: Kjell. "Some people," says Lagerqvist, "pronounce it like the brand of gas."

So how should it be pronounced?

"Shale," says Lagerqvist.

As for the surname, Americans tend to pronounce it "Tackson," with the emphasis on the "I." Isaksson says he would prefer "E-sock-sone"—rhyming with "San Antone," and with roughly the same distribution of stress.

Then there is the question of his pole, of anyone's pole. To be sure, vaulting has been streamlined a great deal since the mid-19th century, when England's Ulverston Cricket Club "climbers" popularized going over the bar in a sitting position, employing a hand-over-hand shift and a climbing and swinging motion. The wooden pole they used had an iron tripod at its lower end.

But even though today's pole is a simple fiber-glass tube, it is by no means a constant factor. You don't just go out and pick up any old stick to *hopp* on. One thing Isaksson likes about living in Los Angeles is that he and Lagerqvist

can drive down to Costa Mesa, where the Browning Manufacturing Co., part of the same concern that makes rifles, turns out Sky-Poles. Pacer American's Cata-Pole has in recent years become more popular among top vaulters, but Isaksson prefers the Sky-Pole because it comes in a lighter model—five pounds—whereas the lightest Cata-Pole with the same stiffness is closer to six. With a lighter pole he can run faster.

Lightness is only one consideration. Stiffness is another, more complex, one. "The stronger you are and the higher you jump, the stiffer pole you use," Isaksson says. Over the past year he has advanced so quickly that he has changed poles seven or eight times, not because the poles have gone soft but because he has transcended them. Fortunately, there are two ways in which poles do not complicate a person's life. Disposing of poles is no problem—they are passed on to other vaulters—and poles are not susceptible to theft.

"I have three poles now," explains Isaksson. "You can just leave them lying outside by the wall of the apartment house. People won't steal a pole because they don't know what it is."

Picking out your next pole does require calculation. At the factory, Isaksson flexes poles and has them tested in a special machine which registers their precise degree of stiffness.

"But the new type pole I am using now has a stronger kind of fiber glass, so it shows softer on the machine," says Isaksson.

"It can't be that way," objects Lagerqvist.

"It is stronger fiber glass," says Isaksson.

"But the machine shows the power it takes to bend is just the same."

"Maybe I am using a softer pole then."

"Why?" Lagerqvist asks.

"I don't know. It must be the new pole shows softer."

"No, it can't be that way. Maybe you are slower now."

"No, I can't be slower than last year."

"Something is not the same. You may have better technique."

"If I had better technique, I would use a stiffer pole."

Somewhat later it occurs to Isaksson why he is, indeed, using a softer pole this spring. It is the American boxes. Another variable. The sloping, vinyl-coated box beneath the bar, into which the pole

is planted for the vault, is supposed to be eight inches deep, but in this country, Isaksson maintains, the measurement is made along the slope. At an indoor meet in San Diego last February the box was two inches shallower than a European or a Japanese one, according to Isaksson, and he failed to clear 16' 6". At UCLA, where he and Lagerqvist train, he has accommodated himself to the box, which he says is only $\frac{3}{4}$ " off, but in order to do so he has had to get a series of softer poles.

Other things come along to hinder, if not to bring down for long, the world's highest vaulter. In 1969, while doing step-ups, going up and down only a few inches but with 100 kilos on his shoulders, he lost his balance and fell. The weight compressed certain of his vertebrae. That injury kept him idle for two months, and he thinks that all the other injuries he has had since then may derive from it. Last year he suffered five hamstrings. Before the UCLA meet he pulled something in his back.

Everybody has problems. Asked what Isaksson is like personally, Cedrup, the journalist, says, "He knows what he wants. He likes Japanese girls." Cedrup adds, "Kjell has had a harmonious life lately. He hasn't been unlucky in love but four or five times this year." Currently Isaksson wears on a chain around his neck a small gold disk bearing a Japanese character. The medallion was a present from a girl he met at a meet last month in Tokyo. "He was a little upset when that girl friend in Japan got married," says Lagerqvist.

Another thing: sometimes Isaksson admits, he has bad dreams about the pole vault. "It is feeling difficult to jump. I can't leave the ground. I feel that the pole is a rope, and I can't plant it, because"—he makes wobbly motions with his hands—"it is a rope. You call it a . . . nightmare? The night before a big meet sometimes I have a nightmare. Especially about the pole is a rope. Because you can't use the pole. Never good dreams. Just bad. You can't leave the ground." He shakes his head. "And I dreamed once it was the Olympics and I couldn't be there on time."

These are some of the things that Isaksson is not thinking about, presumably, as he prepares for his last run at 18' 2" in the Meet of Champions. The box is deep enough, there is nothing to be done about the girl, the pole is not a rope be-

continued



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cause it is the same one he set the record with the week before, and the blue balloon tied to the javelin stuck into the ground beside the runway shows that he has the wind at his back, which he likes because it helps him go faster.

The bar is way up there. It takes four AAU officials in light gray pants, dark gray blazers and white straw hats; one official in red pants, a black blazer and red hat; and four boys in light blue T-shirts to get the bar aloft and to measure its height. "No way I'm going up there," says one of the Gray Blazers, as another one mounts the ladder and stands on the 14th step, four people holding the ladder for him, the wind whipping his tape measure.

Isaksson has missed twice at 18' 2". "He's got great coordination and really good timing," says Railsback, as Isaksson gets ready to go again. "And the utmost confidence in himself. He has pretty good speed, and he converts it well. He has a very efficient plant. He gets into it and through it well. In a good vault, you should feel no strain. That's one of the bad things about vaulting—you remember the bad ones, because it's a struggle all the way up. The good ones you never feel.

"The first two tries he was a little too quick," Railsback observes. "He was going at it. Instead of . . . that's a good jump." That is, in fact, in the subsequent words of the P.A. announcer, "The greatest pole vault of all time." He has made it. While Railsback was analyzing his style, Isaksson had soared.

When he is asked whether he was excited, Isaksson says, "A little," because he wasn't sure he would make it, on account of the pull in his back. Three different officials go up the quivering ladder to verify the measurement. "I wouldn't go up there if you took my picture," says a fourth. Isaksson signs autographs and answers reporters' questions.

"What is the most important thing in pole vaulting?"

"Speed."

"What is your time in the 100 with the pole?"

"I have never done it," he answers.

"Is it true what Railsback said about not feeling the good ones?"

"The last three or four steps, I don't know anything. When I make a good jump, I don't know what I am doing."

END



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Ernst Haeckel, a 19th century zoology professor, created the word. While promoting Darwin's theories of evolution he hammered together two Greek fragments, and "oecology" had its beginning. In recent years few words have been so ill-used as the professor's branchchild.

After Haeckel coined it in 1869, "ecology" (the initial "o" was soon dropped) lay around quietly for a time. Then botanists rummaging in the academic attic discovered it and put it back in service. Ecology then, and theoretically still, is the study of the relationships between living things and their environment and of the effect of various life forms on one another. Take any animal or plant as an example, and other animals and plants constitute an important part of its environment, *e.g.*, fox and rabbit, woodpecker and oak. Ecology is a sci-

ence of the present, the immediate. In the time it takes for one to say DDT, patterns and relationships change and new ones are created. Since the subject in its entirety is beyond our present powers of comprehension, scientists in the field have sensibly avoided calling themselves ecologists.

It is too late to finger the responsible individuals, but in the mid-1950s media men trying to sound scientific or scientists trying to sound like media men seized the tender word and fragile concept and began to peddle it publicly. The age of pop ecology had begun. It was a fad, like keeping gerbils. All sorts of people—politicians, preachers, boy scouts, revolutionaries, ad men, fashion designers, corporate executives, housewives, teachers—went out and got themselves a little ecology. Sometimes the faddists collected two ecological con-

cepts, bred them, so to speak, and began to sell or give away the mongrel offspring.

In 1950, for example, the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* included only four references under the subject heading Ecology. Twenty years later there were four dozen such listings. By 1965 few publications did not feel obliged to make a passing reference to the magic word. Like an all-purpose seasoning, ecology was sprinkled on essays about poverty, racism, dope smuggling, military strategy, professional football, etc. Suddenly there were ecology T shirts, soaps, executives, fund raisers, lawyers, lobbyists. Civil disturbances in the name of ecology popped up all over the landscape like mushrooms after a warm spring rain.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to words and ideas should be es-

GOSPEL OF FALSE PROPHETS

All the preaching about ecology has dazzled and deceived people about its significance. In the end, man's frantic efforts won't matter a whit

by **BIL GILBERT**



tablished, though it is no doubt, too late to save ecology. We have trifled with it to the point that it has become an irrevocably loose and fallen word. However, while the intellectual atrocity is still fresh, there is perhaps some value in recalling how we have heartlessly overworked and mutilated this interesting and useful concept. The misuses and abuses of ecology are all but innumerable. But among the cruelest should be noted:

- *Ecology is a thing.*

Within the past year advertisements have appeared for an "ecology testing kit." The inference is that ecology is a substance like chemical compounds in air, soil or water (which is what the ecology kit really is designed for testing). In fact, ecology can no more be seen, tasted, touched, weighed or substantively identified than can a square root. Both

are abstractions used to describe an abstract relationship. This may seem a nagging point, but there are a great many people who think ecology is alive and substantial somewhere out in the big woods.

- *Ecology is a beautiful thing.*

A ranger assigned to the Grand Canyon recalls spending an idle hour asking visitors to one of the park overlooks what they particularly liked about the place. Three people explained they had come to enjoy the ecology and certainly were.

- *Ecology is a nutritious thing.*

In Tucson, and very likely elsewhere, there is a health-food store that sells ecology bread. This is catering to the currently widespread belief that ecology is some kind of heavy vitamin. All over this fruitful land there are people munching away on barely digestible items—

kelp, sun-dried bananas, sunflower seeds, freaky grains and grasses. They seem to believe that by so insulting their taste and stomachs they are behaving ecologically.

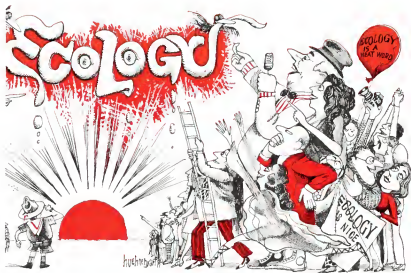
- *Ecology is a clean thing.*

A recent issue of *Scope*, a mod periodical for high school students, devoted an article to *Word Power*. The piece was illustrated by a photograph of what at one time was known as Hermie's Dump (in the village of Monticello, state unspecified). Towering over the original hand-lettered Hermie's Dump sign was a much larger, cleaner one giving the place its new name, MONTICELLO ECOLOGICAL SITE. Without taking sides in the matter, *Scope* noted that this was a good example of the use of plain and fancy words, which it is.

- *Ecology is conservation.*

Ecology is a thing, ecology bread and

continued



ecological sites perhaps can be explained, if not excused, by our weakness for pretentious language or plain commercial high spirits. However, the ecology-is-conservation notion is something altogether different. It has been pushed assiduously by pop ecologists and the Bless the Birds Beasts and This Very Green Land crowd. The chief result of the campaign, if not its intent, has been to debase the concept of ecology and spread confusion about biological realities.

The system of relationships between living things that seems to operate in this world is dynamic. So far as anyone has been able to determine, the only stable element within it is change. New forms are forever being created and existing ones modified; extinction and death are a part of the system. There are, for example, no life forms presently inhabiting the earth that have been here from the beginning. This must be considered a blessing by those of us living now, since we would have had great difficulty getting a toehold on a planet loaded to the gunwales with the accumulated biological cargo of the ages past. If things seem crowded these days, consider what they might be if assorted tree ferns, dinosaurs, saber-toothed tigers and worse had not cleared out. The world has always been a kind of transient hotel in which client species come and go in brief cycles of half a million years or so.

Conservation has of course nothing to do with this, with evolution or ecology. Conservation, in fact, does not reflect or describe any known biological process. It represents a rather pathetic attempt on the part of man to hold back the forces of change. Averting the extinction of the whooping crane has been a *cause célèbre* for the past 40 years. We have been led to believe that we must save these birds, which apparently are no longer vigorous enough to save themselves. It is said that we must conserve something called the gene pool (which is the sum total of genes in all things presently alive) and that this pool will be critically reduced if the genes of the 80 remaining whooping cranes are lost. This seems a bit of an exaggeration, since if there is such a pool it has managed nicely for a long time without, say, brontosaurus genes. Some conservationists believe quite intensely that the passing of the crane will leave an irreparable rent in the ecological web of life,

causing any number of other strands to snap and shrivel. They declare that the extinction of the birds would be an unnatural happening, since man had caused it. If the cranes are allowed to go by the board this will be a crime against nature and, so the theory goes, man can expect to be and should be punished by nature.

This nonsense has been promoted by a number of people who should know better. To repeat: extinction is as natural as creation and, so far as we can determine, is necessary. The ecological system is self-adjusting; existing relationships are always being modified or replaced with new ones. The remaining cranes are so few in number and so feeble as to be of minimal ecological significance. They could disappear tomorrow as the pterodactyl did a few yesterday ago, causing scarcely a ripple. Any gap they left in the web would be filled almost instantly.

In objective terms, conservation or attempted conservation might be considered anti-ecological since it represents an effort to meddle with or thwart natural processes. However, it seems biologically harmless since it is such a hopeless endeavor. Then, too, in human terms there is something constructive to be said for the human conceit of conservation. The crane and that sort of thing give some men pleasure. They enjoy having them around, and trying to keep them around makes many people feel righteous and moral. As such, these are useful pursuits and motives. If conservationists would simply acknowledge that whooping cranes, redwoods and wilderness vistas are their thing and that they would like to enjoy them for as long as possible, then they would be entitled to the same tolerance as nudists, vegetarians or horseplayers. However, when conservationists begin to bully and frighten people into believing their hobby is ordained by natural law and that ecological vengeance will be had on those who do not share their interest, then they become intellectual extortionists.

• Ecology is a pie in the sky.

The actions of pop ecologists—the things they want to save, the changes they oppose, the laws for which they lobby—suggest that many believe there was a time when all relationships were pure, sweet and perfect. In America this ecological utopia is thought to have existed sometime between 1492 and the

demise of the passenger pigeon in 1914. The exact dates can be filled in according to individual taste.

Utopias, of course, are static phenomena. They cannot be improved since they are perfect. If they are changed, they become imperfect and by definition something other than utopian. This changeless character accounts for the fact that utopias are found only within men's imaginations.

In appearance, ecological Camelots are most often described as having been wild, woody, scenic places, chock full of vigorous mammals, birds and noble savages and void of noxious insects and scrubby thickets. The better models are said to look very much like Unspoiled Nature, as first identified by 18th-century Romantic painters, poets and essayists. When they speak of "our once healthy ecology," pop ecologists are usually talking about the world as Jean Jacques Rousseau perceived it. This is seldom mentioned since it reduces the discussion to the level where it belongs—personal esthetic prejudice.

All of us tend to do a little mooning about how green and glorious things must have been on the other side of time. There is nothing wrong with such fantasizing; actually there may be a good bit to be said for it. If a man likes to think he is Napoleon, more power to him. However, if the delusion becomes so strong that he insists that the rest of us form columns and start marching toward Moscow, he becomes a nuisance. Figuratively, this is what has happened with the pop ecologists. The commands are somewhat jumbled but we are given to understand that utopia has been despoiled, and we must at the pain of ecological disaster drop what we are now doing and head back toward the lost paradise. The pop ecologists will lead us, providing us with a list of what to bring along and what to leave behind. If anyone thinks about it, this is likely to be a long, silly and profoundly frustrating trip.

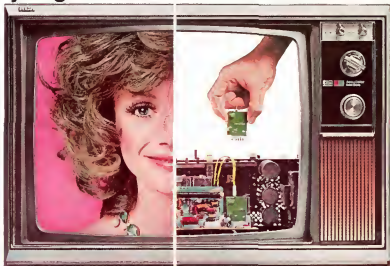
There is as much ecology now as there ever was. A National Park Service rustic picnic table may not be esthetic but it is not an ecological catastrophe and may, in fact, provide a home for despoiling wood borers and sow bugs. A freeway may impair the romantic prospects of a wilderness for some, but it creates nice deer, butterfly, blackberry and poison-ivy habitat; a whole new series

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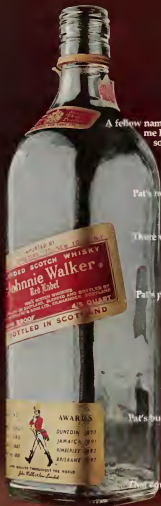
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Memoirs of a bottle:



A fellow named Pat Sands got a raise one day and brought me home that night. He wanted to celebrate with something special. I was flattered.

Pat's neighbor dropped by to borrow a little vermouth for a Rob Roy and remembered he didn't have any Scotch either.

There was a little less of me when Pat came home after opening his paycheck with his new raise. After taxes, he wondered if he got a raise at all.

Pat's poker party took a lot out of me.

Pat's buddies, Dick, Don and Nick came over one night and I sensed that I wasn't long for this world.

That empty feeling tells me I was right.

of relationships flourishes there. These days are no worse, or better, than the good old ones—only different. Tomorrow will also be different; if it is not, we are in real trouble. Ecology is not concerned with esthetics or antiquarianism.

• *Man is vile, ecologically speaking.* The theme that man is a "bad 'un" has occurred regularly throughout history. It always has been a slippery thought, composed of a series of contradictory premises, unprovable value judgments and guilty emotions. Recently the notion has been adopted by pop ecologists.

The argument runs that whatever is natural is good, and the unnatural is bad. The world is composed of nature and of man, by first inference unnatural and by second inference bad. Landfills and guano deposits are natural, bulldozers and septic tanks are unnatural. This peculiar dualism has permeated much of our thought. Thus we have natural history and human, or unnatural, history. There is natural science and in opposition perhaps medicine or psychiatry. There is an organization called The Nature Conservancy whose counterpart might be the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which under this semantic scheme could logically be called The Unnatural Conservancy. We have natural law, natural beauty, natural curiosity, nature foods, nature walks, nature sanctuaries, the balance of nature, and by implication each of these has its unnatural antonym. In practice, man is not always or entirely unnatural. Thus a man can have a natural golf swing or naturally curly hair. The unnatural elements are generally regarded to be the unique attributes of our species, notably our faculties for abstraction, rationalization, contemplation and our technological talents.

In most respects, the man-is-by-nature-unnatural concept is a continuation of the man-is-vile brief. However, man can choose to restrain his unnatural nature, and when he does he lives in harmony with nature. If we do not restrain ourselves, letting all our unnaturalness hang out, we can destroy nature because we are inexplicably and unfairly stronger than it is. Of late we have been showing very little restraint and have become increasingly bad, unnatural and destructive. Unless we quickly shape up, nature will destroy us; ecological vengeance will be taken.

Set forth so baldly, the foregoing does not seem to make sense. Yet, more cunningly dressed and camouflaged, these notions are at the philosophical heart of the ecological-environmental-conservation crusade that a great many of us have taken very seriously indeed.

Nature is a great deal more than deer, still forests, rippling seas of grass, whooping cranes and pure air. Nature is what is; Man is: the combustion engine is; nuclear fission is; and all are as natural as the next phenomena. Theology may give clues about how things should be but ecology does not. Questions of ecological good and bad are irrelevant.

• *Ecology is altruism.*

According to information presently available, it seems likely that we play in the same fields and according to the same rules as every other living thing. A master motivation for individuals and all species seems to be to live as long as possible and to multiply as often as possible. In consequence, each life form is forever adapting, in an effort to cope with the environment, expand its range and defend against the expansionist tendencies of other creatures. If the objective is biological imperialism—total, exclusive occupancy of the planet by one kind—then nobody as yet has come close to achieving it. The prospect of such a victory seems remote. There is a kind of ultimate check, a biological Catch-22, built into the system. Every species is potentially its own worst enemy. A creature who by dint of some dazzling adaptive move opens a big lead over the pack never has held it for long. He is brought back, cut down and often eliminated entirely, usually because he has used up the resources, food and habitat upon which his specialty rests, or because of the debilitating effects (plague, starvation, genetic feebleness, psychological malfunction) of overpopulation. Nevertheless, everyone keeps plugging away at the game that is designed not to have a winner. In a sense it is this old-college-spirit that seems to have created and sustained the dynamic system of interrelations that we call or should call ecological.

Generally, creatures are ungleefully preoccupied with their own thing. They may need or be forced to respond to others, but self-interest, not self-sacrifice, appears to be at the root of most of these responses. Two of the pseudo-ecological problems that greatly exercise

us currently are pollution and overpopulation. Our dirtiness and fertility are often cited as irrefutable evidence of our villainy and as we become increasingly dirty and fertile we are creating ecological havoc.

The usual rebuttal applies. Fifty billion men, for example, and whatever waste they would naturally create will not destroy the ecological system, only change it. Woodland ecology might go the way of the whooping crane, but the prospects are that sanitary land fills would provide as much ecology as anybody could possibly want. Just as no one knows what men should be, nobody knows how many or how clean they should be. If we can get away with 50 billion men and their garbage there is no ecological law that says we should not, and there are in fact many ecological pressures urging us on to test the human carrying capacity of the planet. If the earth were to be occupied by 50 billion men and their inevitable works, it seems probable that those multitudes would think, eat, work, play and be organized much differently than we do or are. A good many of us probably would not like such conditions; we are entitled to our preferences and, of course, can do what is possible to avoid this sort of future. It is a matter of self-interest, but of ecological inconsequence. Whatever the outcome, 50 or 0 billions, we can rest assured that there will still be ecology.

In all of this there is a curious anomaly. Pop ecologists talk a lot about ecology, but there is the strong feeling that they underestimate and certainly do not trust the efficiency of the ecological system. It does not seem immodest to claim that because of our technological skills, man is at present in the position of a creature who has moved quite a bit in front of the rest in the competition for dominance. Perhaps the best evidence supporting this assumption is that we are being troubled, among other things, by overpopulation and pollution (befouling our own nest). These are two processes within the ecological system that historically have worked to chop down temporary leaders. In an objective way, many of the current human problems are not evidence of the weakness and degradation of the ecological system. Rather, they are grim (from our standpoint) and constant reminders of its strength and efficiency.

END

Because the bogus demands of modern living do not appeal to him, a 40-year-old San Francisco suburbanite named Warwick (Commodore) Tompkins is making long-range plans to chuck it all and go to sea. Tompkins, whose confusing nautical nickname was given him by a New York newspaperman, insists that in 10 years he and his wife Janet will have hocked their earthly goods and will be sailing on a sweet, beautiful ketch of his own design, visiting fabled places and touching shores not yet touted in the travel ads.

On both U.S. coasts there are many sailors who feel as Warwick Tompkins does. Most of them will keep on suffering from land cramps and carry their sea dream to the grave. On the surface, Tompkins seems as quixotic as all the others. He plans to have a 55-foot hull built: narrow of beam and fast, yet easily handled by two people. Since his wife Janet is in favor of it, the dream seems truly good, except that Tompkins is a man of modest means.

To cut the cost, Tompkins plans to finish off the interior of his dream hull at his home in Mill Valley, Calif. Since the 300-yard lane leading to his house between other properties is barely 10 feet wide, it is not clear how Tompkins will get such a big hull home to work on. And, since the canted parking area where he plans to do the work affords a Volkswagen barely room to turn around without clipping a neighbor's fence, it is hard to understand how Tompkins will get his boat off the property if he ever gets it on. When he is reminded of these realities, Tompkins says, "Don't worry, I'll manage it."

Of all the restless owls and pussycats who would like to live at sea, Tompkins is the one most likely to succeed. He has a leg up on all the others. He has already lived his dream once in bits and pieces and is quite capable of putting it all together again. In the art of kicking over the traces and living each day for its worth, Tompkins is a master. In the complex and demanding art of surviving, living, loving, working, competing and playing at sea, he is very, very well apprenticed. Over the years,

SAILING ON A SEA OF DREAMS

by COLES PHINIZY

Getting away from it all, an idle reverie to most of us, is a way of life for Warwick (Commodore) Tompkins. Whenever he feels landlocked he puts to sea, and someday he may decide to stay out there





aboard four dozen ships of various rig and quality, Tompkins has served as swabbie, as boson and chips, as rigger, deck ape, watch captain, navigator, helmsman, tactician, strategist, skipper and impromptu chaplain. Although Tompkins usually drives an automobile with about as much verve as Stirling Moss' grandmother, he has a reputation for always driving a racing sailboat to the limit of its wire and cloth and with a special bit of magic.

In the fall of 1970 Tompkins was a member of the American six-meter crew that whopped the Australians in their home waters. Last spring, in the Miami to Montego Bay race, a bomb of a hull called *Invincible* conceived by Tompkins while taking a shower one night and finalized by designer Gary Mull of San Francisco) covered 811 miles in three days and 20 hours, skunking all the titans and tinnies of a 33-boat fleet. It is doubtful if any racing hull as small as *Invincible*—43 feet overall—ever before made such a long, fast run or ever will again. Riding the high winds to Jamaica, at times *Invincible* was surfing down waves with her speed-indicator

TOMPKINS' FIRST COMMAND, at age 5, was a cockleshell, but at 19 he skippered the radical *Invincible* to a big Miami-Montego

needle pegged at the maximum 20 knots.

In this fancy age of cold-cured plastic hulls and instant navigation, the ocean-racing fleets on both U.S. coasts are growing fast, and there is a dearth of truly able hands. With no more than a burp of interest, a man of Tompkins' ability can usually get a berth in any race. On any hull seriously racing, it is generally considered that Tompkins' presence is worth a foot of rating on a long haul in heavy weather.

It has been said that God created the world in six days but that it takes 20 years to make a sailor. On this basis Warwick Tompkins is worth two ordinary hands, for he began his sea apprenticeship 40 years ago in the days beyond his remembering. According to his father, Warwick Tompkins Sr. (who was master of the vessel as well as an accomplice in the act), Tompkins Jr. was conceived accidentally aboard an old German pilot schooner called *Wonder Bird*. The younger Tompkins made his first two Atlantic crossings aboard this 85-footer while still *in utero* and made two more passages as a mewling infant. His first birth on *Wonder Bird* was a grocery basket atop the spare sails in the boson's locker. When he outgrew the basket, he was bedded down in a bottom

bureau drawer in the master's cabin.

At the age of nine months Tompkins Jr. was making his way from the sole of the *Wonder Bird* up the crooked companionway to the deck. As a 2-year-old he climbed the shrouds to the crossstrees of the main mast, 65 feet above deck. When *Wonder Bird* was becalmed on summer days, the young Tompkins was allowed over the side to swim in mid-ocean. At the age of four he was caryoning aloft with the assistance of a gibbon, climbing *Wonder Bird's* shrouds, swinging off and riding a halyard back to the deck.

In that same year Warwick's father sailed the old schooner around Cape Horn. The elder Tompkins did not make his Horn passage west to east as many a benighted sailor has done, nor through the straits as Magellan first did. He sailed east to west around the whole ball of wax, clawing to windward along the same hard track taken by the Dutch skipper Schouten long ago. Warwick Tompkins Sr. took movies of the Horn passage, including footage of his young son swinging around in the rigging and playing out on the plunging bowsprit. Although the film was generally well received on the lecture circuit in the '30s, it met with resistance. Some previewers

continued

thought the shots of the 4-year-old kid 65 feet aloft were fake. Others who wanted the film for school audiences felt that young Tompkins' antics should not be shown to city kids who might try the same foolishness on telephone poles and kill themselves.

A few years back Dr. Konrad Lorenz, the famous Austrian behaviorist, became acquainted with the early history and life-style of Warwick Tompkins Jr. Dr. Lorenz opined that anyone so well imprinted on the sea as a child could not help but be happy sailing on it. Although Lorenz is the last word on such matters, Tompkins' first recollection of the sea is one of distaste. He remembers crouching belowdecks beside his older sister Ann, crying in terror as *Wander Bird* was staggered by a sea that carried away 30 feet of bulwark.

Whatever effect the sea had on their psyches, without question it gave the two Tompkins children an odd perspective. Copernicus to the contrary, the Tompkins kids considered *Wander Bird* the center of the universe. After one summer spent sailing the coasts of Europe, Ann Tompkins asked, "Daddy, when does Stockholm tie up alongside us again?" Spying a building with three tall chimneys on an island, Tompkins Jr. described it as a "three-masted house."

By the time he was nine Warwick Tompkins Jr. had traveled more than 80,000 miles on the Atlantic and Pacific. Whereas there are many mature deck apes today who get fouled up in the functional simplicity of a modern sloop or yawl, at nine Tompkins could handle the whole mess of running gear on the gaff-headed, topmast schooner: more than 40 lines necessary to raise and lower seven sails and keep them flying properly on the wind.

Warwick Tompkins Sr. maintains that the sea fever he passed to his son on *Wander Bird* 30-odd years ago burned originally in his own father, an engineer named Ernest Tompkins, who wanted to go to sea and never did. Ernest Tompkins used up his adult life making and perfecting knitting machinery, but in the process managed to give his son a queer sort of exposure to sea living. When his business in Troy, N.Y. required him to go to New York City, Ernest Tompkins often took Warwick with him down the Hudson River aboard the old Albany night boat. Later, when he worked in Norristown, Pa., Ernest Tompkins

would spend Saturdays with his son prowling around the Philadelphia navy yard.

The Albany night boat that once plied the Hudson River was a romantic old ship but scarcely the kind that would have captured the fancy of Conrad or Melville. In its heyday the old Albany night boat was a real swinger. A large part of its passenger list consisted of adults of both sexes traveling unaccompanied by their legal spouses. As for the Philadelphia navy yard, even 60 years ago when Warwick Tompkins Sr. was a tad, the odorous stretch of the Delaware River on which it was situated was in a state of decay. Nonetheless, Warwick Tompkins Sr. claims it was the sights and rich stench of the Philly navy yard, and the bright brass, the engine throb and the splash of the bow wave of the sinful old Albany night boat that first drew him to the sea.

As soon as he was of permissible age, near the end of World War I, Tompkins Sr. joined the Navy, serving aboard the battleship *Arizona*, which one World War later would end up on the bottom of Pearl Harbor. Thereafter he made his way here and there in the world, working sometimes as a journalist, sometimes as a sailor and sometimes as both.

It was Tompkins' job for one stretch in the year 1925 to take goods up New Guinea rivers and entice natives to sail out of the bush with him to work on plantations and in industry for a minimum coolie wage. Tompkins' crewmen were fuzzy-headed Papuans, some with bones in their noses. A few of the native laborers he brought out of the bush were practicing cannibals, but his crewmen were all at least one generation removed from the habit.

The last vessel on which Warwick Tompkins Sr. served as master was his own beloved *Wander Bird*, which is still afloat at the age of 93 in San Francisco Bay. In the '30s and early '40s—until World War II put an end to her roaming—a large percent of the crewmen who served on *Wander Bird* were Harvard undergraduates whose parents paid so their sons could sail with Tompkins.

Recently, in a nostalgic moment, Warwick Tompkins Sr. regretted that as the world shrivels and its peoples lose their distinctive character, sailors such as his son have less and less to enjoy. Along the sea tracks he most often sails, it is true, Warwick Tompkins Jr. rarely has

shipmates as uninhibited as the Papuans who sailed with his father. Indeed, while there are a number of gray-haired and fuzzy-headed and long-haired Harvard men now in sail, the old crew-cut, blue-blooded, solid Crimson variety is virtually extinct. Although he lives in cramped times, Tompkins Jr. manages a loose life-style. But when it comes to jumping out of ruts and rejecting meaningless rituals, the younger Tompkins is his father's peer.

Tompkins Jr. enjoys the peculiar advantage of having lived his early years backward. Most sailors grow up ashore. Before they are worth much at sea they must learn to shuck off the formalities that afflict the lives of land children. Tompkins Jr. started his sea life unencumbered. Because of the good correspondence schooling his mother gave him aboard *Wander Bird*, when Tompkins Jr. came ashore the academics were easy, but the whole spectrum of child life dazzled him—the candy stores, the movies and the inexhaustible soda fountains. In his first years on land the variety of ball games that children played were an embarrassment. Aboard *Wander Bird* he had rarely handled any kind of ball (on the rolling sea, one bad throw or bounce and it was goodbye ball). In his first game of kickball in a schoolyard he was so inept he wept. After a couple of years of perseverance, he now recalls, "When I threw a baseball to second base, it usually went in that general direction."

He enjoyed many of the odd offerings of land, but never its rituals. He refused to take part in his grade school graduation. As he now remembers that tasteless affair, "There was some ridiculous performance on stage where the whole class represented seasons of the year or things that happened in the seasons. At one point in the drama we were all supposed to chant, 'Oh, Joy! and Oh, Joy! Wise young graduates are we.' At that point I balked. My teacher was offended for some reason—maybe she had written the skit. In any case I didn't care. It was a bad thing not to care, I suppose, but I didn't."

Tompkins Jr. did not attend his high school graduation because it coincided with a prior commitment he had made to crew in a sailing race. Whereas the elder Tompkins never went to sea on his own until college age, his son took off halfway through his high school fresh-

continued

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man year to crew on a schooner traveling from the Atlantic through the Canal to San Francisco. His devotion to the sea was such that when his draft number came up, he tried to arrange it so he could sail to Hawaii in the Trans-Pacific Race of 1953, do his two years of military in the islands and sail back on a boat returning from the 1955 race. "A cute idea," he says, "except that it didn't work."

In service he might have risen to the rank of motor-pool corporal or some equally exalted rating except that in those dark years, when the shadow of McCarthy was still across the land, his salty independence was not what the Army wanted. After being sworn in verbally, at first he refused to sign a loyalty oath. The military spooks investigating his case asked him if he favored revolution. Tompkins Jr., never one to give a simple red, white and blue answer, messed up his career by replying, "The question is ambiguous. There are several ways of thinking about revolution. Our country was founded on a revolution. It was saved despite a revolution. And I personally think the industrial revolution was pretty groovy." Eventually he did sign, but with reservations.

After military service he tried to give up sailing, considering it an anchornism. He took a job in Los Angeles with the Pacific Wire Rope Company. As he worked up from apprentice to foreman at the company, his record for truancy exceeded one his father had set on the Paris Herald 30 years earlier. In little more than a year he took off from work to sail in a race to Hawaii, in another to Acapulco and in another to Tahiti. For all his talents, Pacific Wire Rope finally decided they could not afford a foreman who kept disappearing over the horizon.

Remembering the ambition that grew in him as a high-schooler, Tompkins Jr. says, "I never wanted to make a million or change the world. My goals have always been simple: to be a good sailor and be healthy and live with a beautiful woman." Considering his devotion, the skills Tompkins has refined and his good health explain themselves, but it is wondrous that the beautiful woman with whom he lives considered marrying him or any sailor. The first time Mrs. Warwick Tompkins Jr. (nee Janet Masure) went to sea she endured 26 days of prolonged horror.

At the end of a Hawaiian vacation in 1954, Janet Masure decided to return to California in dreamy style, as paying guest on an old 74-foot schooner called *Iolalo*. In her declining years as a sea tramp *Iolalo* had received about as much loving care as a medieval leper. When Janet Masure set sail on her, the refrigerator had been repossessed and the radio and generator were not working. The cook who had signed for the passage did not show up. By the fourth day out of Honolulu, *Iolalo's* head was leaking into the bilge, and the bilge was lapping around the bottom of Janet Masure's bunk. By the 26th day, the *Iolalo* had made less than 400 miles eastward toward the mainland, was out of food and was derelict. By luck a Navy transport wandering out of the normal sea-lanes stumbled onto her.

After surviving the *Iolalo*, Janet Masure went back for more. Two years later in French Polynesia she signed aboard a schooner called *Pierke* that had raced to Tahiti and needed a cook for the return passage. While *Pierke* was readying for the return, Janet Masure met Warwick Tompkins, who had sailed on another ship in the race. Tompkins was singularly unimpressed by the slovenly crew of the rival *Pierke* except for Janet Masure, the dutiful, beautiful brunette who slaved to get her craft shipshape Bristol-fashion while her male companions were gadding about ashore. Tompkins was so taken by Janet that occasionally when he rowed out to sink his ship's garbage in weighted bags in deep water beyond the reef he asked her to accompany him, and she accepted. Most shipboard romances that start in a Polynesian Paradise last about as long as a hibiscus blossom. But when a man and a woman find happiness dumping garbage together, it is true love.

In the early '60s Warwick and Janet Tompkins tried charter sailing as a way of life and gave it up within a year. The charter boat on which they served as master and mistress was a posh, steel-hulled motor ketch, *Caravan*, described by Janet as a "35-ton sea cow." Despite many deficiencies, *Caravan* suited the Tompkinses well enough, but the guests who paid \$1,000 a week to be hauled around the U.S. and British Virgin Islands were a disappointment. Most of them brought their worst land habits aboard. In a series of letters to San Francisco friends, Janet Tompkins wrote, among other

things, "After a couple of charters we concluded that what *Caravan* really attracts is a species of wealthy cripple. . . . They adore sailing, provided you don't get them wet, the boat doesn't roll, heel or spill their drinks. . . ."

After giving up on chartering, Warwick Tompkins Jr. made his way as a one-man sailing service. If a rich man in Bangor wanted to cruise in his own boat in the Grenadines, Tompkins would sail it south for him. In addition to delivering boats, he counseled novices, intermediates and experts on how they might get better performance out of themselves, their sails and their hulls. At present he is a sales representative and counselor in the Northern California office of North Sails. He took the job at less salary than originally offered in exchange for a flexible work schedule that allows him to sail as he likes.

As his wife points out, although Warwick Tompkins enjoys the Lewis Carroll world of sailing hypertechnology, his tastes and interests far exceed it. In an ordinary day he feels the need to talk of many things: of ships (of course), but also of shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. In this respect he is the replica of his father. Today the elder Tompkins spends much of his time in a Southern California desert retreat 75 miles from the sea—and still 30 miles beyond the tongues of smog that lick ever inland. On the bookshelves in the elder Tompkins' place in the Morongo Valley there is sea lore and also a stimulating collection of books that are 100% salt-free. Four hundred miles to the north, on the bookshelves of his son's home, there is an equally broad range of reading matter. At the end of a meal during which the talk has ranged from birds and bees to birth control, the elder Tompkins excuses himself to take the dinner scraps outside to feed the coyotes of Morongo Valley. Two nights later, 400 miles away, in the middle of a dinner where the conversation has gone from ships to optics to opera to unethical medical practices, Tompkins Jr. excuses himself for a moment to put nibbles of cat food outside for the errant raccoons of Mill Valley. Thoroughly salted though they are, both Tompkinses, *père et fils*, cherish the fact that the world still supports an extravagant variety of land creatures. Not to mention an expanse of sea where a man can go when he wants to chuck it all. **END**

CAN'T BEAT



THE BUSHES

There have always been things in the minors that were missing from the majors (including, for a while this year, baseball). For instance, without the farm leagues we would have no Pony nights—the stands half full of kids and fathers, each of the former praying that he will be the one to win the pony, each of the latter praying that he won't. We would have no weddings at home plate (page 46). We would have no billboard flaunting a Visalia, Calif. dairy's inspired conception of a flower-eating cow. Whether AAA, AA, A or rookie league (officially there is no such thing as Class B ball anymore, much less C or D), the minors furnish a more relaxed atmosphere, more casual contact with the players—you might run into one beneath the stands on your way after a hot dog. A minor league park is easy to park near, hard to get mugged outside of and a good place to collect your thoughts in. If you are young you will know the spot to slip over—or through—the fence. And the rightfielder may be living in your neighbor's spare bedroom. Nothing minor about the importance of all that.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE





Brainard Park (above), in Artesia, N. Mex., housed minor league ball for 11 years; now its press box looks down on Little Leaguers. A more substantial perch is afforded by Grayson Stadium (below), better suited for football but now home of the Savannah, Ga. Braves and sedate fans. The Geneva, N.Y. Senators look ragged in spots (right).





The Pawtucket Red Sox play a few games in Newport, R.I. behind the charming facade above. In Geneva, Shuron Park is one of few places open at night. Local kids (below) may ignore the game, but they buy hot dogs, and those who don't climb a fence pay admission.





SMALL TIME IS BIG ENOUGH



In McCoy Stadium (rear view above) in Pawtucket, R.I. last year Mr. and Mrs. Max Oliveras were wed at home plate. With music. The groom was observed psyching himself up in a wheelbarrow under the stands; his mother gave it a try on the bench.

In 1949 America was nicely landscaped, if not exactly greened, by the bushes. There were 59 minor leagues then, comprising 448 teams. Devoted townspeople met regularly in handbix parks to cheer another great catch by the one-armed outfielder or a home run over the railroad tracks by the longtime local sagger who could hit anything but a pre-expansion big-league curveball. The club owners included famed independent showmen like Joe Engel, who traded one of his Chattanooga Lookout players for a turkey and was going to fight Dizzy Dean at home plate for \$10,000 until Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis forbade it.

These days there are only 19 minor leagues and 148 teams, some averaging 300 paid admissions a game and very few drawing more than 1,000. Whenever a player gets to be outstanding he is likely to be grabbed by the parent club in Detroit or somewhere, so about the most exciting thing that has happened to a minor league crowd in recent years was in 1967, in Gastonia, N.C., when the several hundred people in attendance had to hide under the grandstand while a tornado blew the left-field fence away.

Still, that was pretty exciting. And the numbers of leagues and teams have actually increased by one and eight, respectively, since 1963, when the majors first agreed to underwrite their farm teams' expenses sufficiently to keep most of them afloat. This is the 10th season under that agreement, and the minors are still down there, full of green young kids, crooked-fingered old vets and Baltimore Oriole prospects hitting .365.

With a couple of exceptions, such as Hawaii, none of the franchises could survive without big-league backing, but now most of them make modest profits. In return, they provide the major league owners with their prime justification for retaining the reserve clause, which binds each professional player to the team that signed him. The owners argue that since they bear most of the expense of training a player in the boondocks and receive no immediate monetary return while he is playing before 586 fans a night, they deserve to trade with one another, instead of with the player, for the rights to his revenue-producing years. In effect, the owner provides the player with an education in baseball in return

for control, throughout the player's career, over where and whether he can use it. Understandably, this status chafes the modern athlete.

But when the modern athlete is in the minor leagues, scrambling to make the big time if he is young or to stay in baseball if he is old, he is in no position to protest. The spirit of the minors is a little bit like that of the Depression, when people strove mightily for little money because they had no choice. It is later, when a player becomes firmly established in the majors, that he begins to wonder what all the striving is for.

This may be one reason why hardcore fans of minor league ball find it so refreshing. A devotee of the Visalia Mets, after moving to New York and patronizing Shea Stadium for a while, wrote back to the California League office in a fit of nostalgia for a copy of his old team's schedule, just so he could keep in touch. "In the big leagues," he explained, "they don't *hustle*. You get more for your money in Visalia."

And the money is less, of course. There are Bay Area families of four who will pass up the chance to spend \$25 for a Giant game to invest less than half that amount in an evening with the San Jose Bees. In a minor league park, because it is small, you can sit closer to the action. Your scorecard may bear a lucky number, in which case you win a free dinner at a local restaurant or a supply of dog food. In Oklahoma City, where General Manager Dick King of the Class AAA 89ers was named Minor League Executive of the Year in 1971 for drawing 300,000 people, your young son may be brought from the stands and given a chance to throw a baseball through a hole in a board. If he succeeds, he gets a free baseball signed by the 89ers. If he fails, he gets a giant-sized package of potato chips. Other local promoters have made names for themselves, and moved up to the majors, by such devices as hiding two-dollar bills in boxes of popcorn.

Obviously, even with the major leagues' help, players, management and fans are still all hustling together on a shoestring in the minors. But don't knock it. As the recent unpleasantness in the majors reminded us all, Mere Money Does Not Buy Happiness.

—ROY BLUMEN, Jr.

PEOPLE

Canadian mining stock promoter **Murray Pezim**, who is staging the George Chavala-Muhammad Ali bout in Vancouver on May 1, has a score planned ahead of time that looks like the biggest thing to hit the Northwest since the 747. What Pezim has in mind is to set aside two floors of the Bayshore Inn for a marathon 72-hour bash that will go on until just before the opening bell of the fight. His guests will be mostly from out of town, including a number of groups flying in by charter from places like L.A. and Las Vegas, but Pezim says he also plans to invite the best-paying guest at the hotel, industrialist **Howard Hughes**, who occupies the top two floors.

It was the judgment of many ring observers that former heavyweight boxer **Zora Folley** had everything going for him except a killer instinct. Now that he has retired to Arizona and a business even tougher than

fighting—selling trucks—his nice-guy image still costs him. In fact, says one fellow salesman, Folley could probably triple his sales if he would push harder. "You'd be surprised how he comes on," he adds. "I've even heard customers apologize for taking his time."

Professional athletes should do what he does, says **Richard Burton** sock the money away for that rainy day "which must come." Interviewed by Peter Lorenzo for the *London Daily Express* with England's top soccer coach, **Sir Alf Ramsey**, the Welsh-born actor said his lavish gifts to his wife, **Elizabeth Taylor**, and their ostensibly high living habits are deceptive. "We put it away, too. . . . I've made sure that if anything happens to me, Elizabeth will be all right and vice versa. We look after each other." As for sports stars who are improvident, Burton sketched the following sorry scenario: "He's 45 and he's trying

to bum a pint in a pub, and he's thrilled when somebody recognizes him after 10 or 15 years." Then Richard, Liz and Sir Alf went to work on Liz' kicking form.

The latest chapter in the saga of lonesome **Joe Kapp** is being writ these days back in his old collegiate stomping grounds at Berkeley, Calif. The former Viking and Patriot signal-caller has been dividing his time between his Vancouver, British Columbia real-estate interests and helping Coach **Roy White** get the Cal quarterbacks into shape. This does not mean, says Kapp, that he will abandon either pro football or his suit against the NFL. It's just that, come spring, an old pro's thoughts turn naturally to football.

Until the final turn it was a case of *après moi le déluge*. But then her horse ran out of steam, and **Jockey Martine Kosciusko-Morizet**, daughter of France's new Ambassador to the U.S., **Jacques Kosciusko-Morizet**, finished up among the also-rans in the Prix de la Table du Roi hurdles event at the Fontainebleau racecourse. Even so, it made her the first woman to compete in a jumping race on French soil and she was credited with giving her mount, *Estera*, a good ride. Martine's cool evaluation of her fellow riders: "They didn't do me any favors, but they were very proper and I thank them."

Fortunately Miami Dolphin Quarterback **Bob Griese** is not a man to hold a grudge. Despite the fact that President Nixon's suggestion of a down-and-in pass play booted in the Super Bowl, Griese remains a Nixon booster all the way; he even invited the Chief Executive to help celebrate the Freedom Festival in Griese's hometown of Evansville, Ind. next July. In writing Mr. Nixon his invitation, Griese

acknowledged the President's Super Bowl contribution, then added: "May I return the favor by offering you a surefire touchdown play. . . . Your presence as our nation's quarterback would insure the successful completion of our game plan." Careful, Mr. President. If the plan works as well as yours did, it could cost you the White House.

Angela Hernandez of Albuquerque, Spain claims she was born to be a matador, and many aficionados who have seen her perform are inclined to agree. The determined and skilled young woman has been frustrated, however, by a decades-old Spanish law banning women from the professional bullring. A few weeks ago Angela brought legal action to have the law invalidated, and while she awaits the decision she continues to fight bulls on horseback as a *relucadora* or at private *corridos* with women novenas like **Carmen Gonzalez**, the wife of matador **Ordóñez** and sister of matador **Domingain**. Why is Angela so anxious to fight in the same rings with the men? "That," she says, "is where the money is."

Walt Patulski, the Notre Dame All-America defensive end and No. 1 pick of the Buffalo Bills in the 1972 pro draft, may have to send his regrets to Chicago for the College All-Star Game in July. Patulski is running in the New York primary as a delegate to the Democratic Convention for Senator **Edmund Muskie**, and about the time the college hotshots are practicing for their debut against the pros Patulski might be coming to the aid of his party in Miami Beach. One man who won't be a bit sorry if Patulski misses the All-Star fete is his new coach at Buffalo, **Lou Saban**, who figures—perhaps naively—that the odds against injury at a political convention are a lot better.



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The tournament had a little bit of everything: a big name in its title; a \$110,000 purse thanks to dishpan hands and tooth decay; Palm Springs sunshine; and Burt Reynolds, the *Cosmopolitan* center-fold pinup, as its honorary king. Perhaps fearing the silver-haired matrons would shear him, Reynolds did not expose his now-famous hirsute chest at the Olnah Shore-Colgate Winners Circle golf tournament. Instead he remained away from his girl friend, leaving the women to wonder what Olnah had that they didn't have.

At the end of the week's rainbow, Dinah's charms still were being analyzed, but Jane Blalock's talents were obvious to all. When she birdied three holes on the back nine Sunday, even though strapped into a white back brace that gave her the appearance of a karate champion, she picked up the \$20,000

first-place check, largest ever for the Ladies Professional Golf Association.

Immediately, all across America, golfing housewives who watched the winner's circle on television started rummaging around in the attic for their husband's old brace, the one he wore when he used to do work around the yard. It was like the time when Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Open at Baltusrol and everybody started painting putters white.

Sprawled in the wake of Miss Blalock's final round of 72 was Judy Rankin, the tournament leader for the first two rounds, who rediscovered an old and frightening habit. For years Judy was Little Miss Blowup of the women's tour, Tommy Aaron in shorts and low-quarter socks with cotton balls on their backs. Only in recent seasons has she become less prone to late disaster, winning six tournaments. There were times,

Bracing for a rich breakthrough

when she was in contention on the final holes of a tournament, that the safest place for the gallery was the fairway. On Sunday it was the bottom of the cup as she three-putted four times to erase her chances for victory.

For the first two days, Judy was in control of the tournament, and her husband, Yippy, a 6' 3", 220-pound insurance agent, was managing to control himself, barely. His furrowed forehead and forlorn eyes offered slight contradiction to his true mood. Biting his nails, stretching against the gallery ropes, offering advice, Yippy had nerves twanging with pain as he watched his wife play golf.

On Sunday, as the three-putts mounted and optimism drained, Yippy tore at his hair and moaned: "She couldn't sleep at all last night." Eventually, Judy dropped into a tie for second place with Carol Mann, that marvelously young oldtimer, a three-putt at the last hole offering final testimony to the futility of the day as she shot a 77 and finished three strokes behind Miss Blalock. At the end of the day, two heartbroken men, Yippy and Paul Torluemke, Judy's father, maintained slump-shouldered stances, and Judy was near tears.

For Miss Blalock, late of Portsmouth, N.H. and Cape Cod, it all seemed part of a pattern. She was named the most improved player on the women's tour the last two years, and she looks like a cinch pick again. She missed only two greens during the entire tournament, and said that the back brace kept her



GIRDLED AND SMILING, JANE BLALOCK WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE BIG MONEY

continued

from swinging too hard. (She lacks some vertebrae, and all week long she gulped pills to ease the pain.) "I feel like I'm in control of myself and in control of each shot," she confided on the eve of the final round.

All week one word kept popping up at Mission Hills: breakthrough. It was a breakthrough, for instance, when Colgate put up \$110,000, invited the tournament champions from the last 10 years and anyone who had finished third or better in the last three seasons. It was a breakthrough that the company packaged another \$10,000 for a two-day no-entry fee pro-celebrity-executive-fan-am. It was a breakthrough that Dinah could take time off from the aforementioned Reynolds to promote the tournament. It was a breakthrough that some girls would make more in royalties from Colgate television commercials than they earned nerving in three-foot putts all last year. It was a breakthrough that a national television audience watched on Saturday and Sunday. Everywhere one turned there were breakthroughs.

The LPGA, in fact, is really breaking through. For years the women's tour scuffled along cow town to cow town with a group of players who often gave the impression that their underwear itched. It's a new tribe now, with the delighted Colgate people using the women golfers in television commercials. "We think we've had a breakthrough," explained a man from Colgate, who added that a few of the girls could realize up to \$9,000 from the spots.

All of which left Bud Erickson with a shiny, toothpaste-bright smile. He is the LPGA executive director and the man who sets up the women's tournament schedule so well that this year the group will play for more than \$800,000 in prize money. The pleased women are talking about giving Erickson a new contract over his \$40,000-a-year salary.

"I remember winning a couple of tournaments where first place was \$350," said Marlene Hagge early in the week, marveling at the prospects of spending \$20,000 on new clothes. When Marlene and her sister Alice joined the LPGA tour in 1950 they were driven from stop to stop by their parents, and they eked out a livelihood by staging exhibitions.

The Colgate people used the tournament the same way they would employ

a 10c-off sale. Besides the TV spots, some of the girls gave talks at company sales meetings, 20 million leaflets boosting the tournament deluged Occupant bosholders and Colgate reserved the television time. The company invited 60 clients and business associates to join with Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra and the usual others in the pro-am, then threw two lavish dinner parties during the week, budgeting it all close to \$5 million for advertising and promotion. "I think we're going to get more of a return out of this than we would have from a regular promotion," said David Foster, the avid golfer who is president of Colgate.

"I've never known a group of people like these women," he enthused. "They're not prima donnas. They're terribly natural. There's nothing too much for them to do. I think they're terrific."

There always has been the pull-together spirit of an emerging nation about the women's tour. While the male chauvinist golfers have a large staff to handle details, only Erickson and his assistant, Gene McCauliff, serve as administrators for the LPGA. The women golfers make their own pairings, keep statistics, make rules judgments and occasionally make contacts for future tournaments. They also have a rigid system of automatic fines for everything from failing to attend a pro-am cocktail party to unsportsmanlike conduct.

Palm Springs and the Mission Hills course posed separate quandaries for the women during the week, the first because of the nighttime, the second because of the daytime. Tantalized by the big purse, the golfers secluded themselves back at their motels during the evenings discussing the day's play and then going to bed. No one visited Jilly's, the Palm Springs Sinatra-watching place, preferring to conserve energy for Mission Hills by day. "This isn't the week to stay up all night," explained Sandra Elliott. "You can party at Waco."

Part of a complex that squats on 680 acres of transformed desert leased from a group of seven Indian families, Mission Hills has been open only 14 months. During that time, there has been just one rainfall, but an extensive irrigation system can dump up to 2½ million gallons of water a day on the grass.

Golf Architect Desmond Murhead

had a million yards of dirt moved to build the course, constructing four lakes and a generous amount of rolling fairways and greens in the process. The course played to 6,352 yards for the tournament and the final 570 were the most treacherous, setting up the prospects of an exciting finish. The par-5 18th has water guarding the length of the left side of the fairway, and the green is completely surrounded by water. In addition the prevailing wind usually is in the golfer's face.

It was at the 18th that Mickey Wright's chance for victory drowned on the first day. Most of the women professionals think Mickey could have made just as much money on the men's tour as she did on the women's circuit when she was playing at her zenith in the 1960s. And on Friday she was nicely under par and was challenging for the lead after 17 holes. Then she put two shots into the water.

Judy Rankin birdied the 18th that first day, and she did the same on Saturday, stamping her finishes with the flourish of a winner. But her Saturday round was not all that serene. After sinking an 18-foot putt on the seventh hole to keep from going over par for the round, Judy was accosted by Yippy while she walked to the eighth tee. "You're playing good, now start thinking," he growled. She thought her way to a two-under-par.

"I tried to put pressure on her all day," said Jane Blalock, who played Saturday's round with Judy. "But every time I did, she came back."

With a two-stroke lead going into the final day, Yippy at the edge of the gallery ropes and her father, whose birthday was Sunday, as added incentive, Judy seemed on her way—and who could have expected a back brace to come from two strokes behind in the last round? Certainly not Yippy. Earlier in the week the Rankins' 4-year-old son Tucey had asked his father: "Has Mommy won yet?" "No," answered Yippy. "She was Sunday—if I can make it that long."

Yippy couldn't, and neither could his wife. But Janie Blalock could, holding her left arm as straight as her back. She was third on the money list last year with \$34,492. She'll probably earn a lot more this season, but what's money if not just another breakthrough? **END**



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That, in a nutshell, is the philosophy of Tyrone Simmons, the country's finest collegiate fencer. His weapon is the foil and if he keeps sponging up the tricks of his trade he'll soon be wasting the world's best



PENSIVE SIMMONS READIES FOR A BOUT

Foilsman never fully master their weapon. In many respects, pursuing perfection in this most subtle of the fencing arts is like chasing a mechanical rabbit. When the race ends there is only the frustration. Often, particularly for foilsman under the age of 30, there isn't even victory. It is widely believed that one must be at least 30 before one begins to understand the techniques.

But now a prodigy—American in a world dominated by Europeans, black where the best have almost always been white, and only 22—has come along. He is Tyrone Simmons of the University of Detroit and many regard him as the most promising fencer to be developed in this country in the last decade. He seems fully aware of those refinements of style that must be mastered to attain world-class stature. Simmons has yet to reach the final round in an international meet, but his coach, Dick Perry, says, "If the United States wins a gold medal in Olympic fencing in the next dozen or so years, Simmons will be the reason."

Simmons has won plenty of matches at home. He has, in fact, cleaned up. Second to two older and far more experienced foilsman in each of the last two national tournaments, he easily should do as well this July in Boston and make the U.S. Olympic squad. His most sparkling performance came last month in the NCAA tournament in Chicago when he did just about everything but carve "Ty" on an opponent's chest protector. He won all 23 bouts, 10 by shutout, and was never extended. Only 32 touches went against him to the 115 he made. Because of Simmons and his teammates, Fred Hooker (Épée) and Ken Blake (sabre), Detroit ran up 73 points to be-

come the first non-Eastern school to win the collegiate team title since Illinois in 1958. NYU and Columbia, the perennial powers, were three and seven points behind the Titans.

"He was ready and we all knew it," said teammate Lynnderek Leonard. "He would go on the strip, waste someone, wait his turn again and waste someone else. He was beating the good fencers the way he beats me in practice."

The surprising thing about Leonard's observation is that he sounded surprised. In practice, Simmons has always fenced exactly as he does in matches—sustaining his concentration despite the emotional hills and valleys of competition, sitting quietly between bouts, analyzing his last performance, planning his next. Often he will test one of his teammates on épée or sabre. "I don't believe in taking it easy," he says. "If I'm going to put in time, I want to get the most from it."

Simmons becomes somewhat aloof in dual meets and tournaments and his teammates know enough not to break his mood. Even when he has to work through an ordeal such as the NCAA's 23 bouts in a span of three days, he primes himself for each the way a football player gets up for the week's game. His manner is businesslike as he takes the strip. He begins immediately to stalk his opponent, probing, testing for a weakness that he can exploit. Speed and balance are his strengths and he uses them to get an opponent to overcommit himself. Once Simmons gains that edge, there is little the other foilsman can do but respond weakly and await the inevitable. It is just a matter of time until Simmons has his five touches.

In the NAAs, Hooker and Blake

continued

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were selected for All-America honors by the coaches. Hooker had a 16-7 record and Blake was 19-4, including a 5-4 win over Columbia's Bruce Soriano, the only loss in 23 bouts for the three-time NCAA saber champ. As for Simmons, for the second year running he was voted the outstanding fencer of the meet.

Simmons, Hooker and Blake all came to the University of Detroit from Philadelphia, where they learned their fencing under Jim Moss at Benjamin Franklin High School. (Moss and his fencers refer to the school as Malcolm X, a name adopted by the black community but not officially recognized by the Board of Education.) "Jim Moss had everything to do with their development," says Perry. "He opened the world to them. I am interested in anyone who has learned from Moss because he does more than develop fencers. He works on the whole man."

In a city where the schoolboy exploits of a Wilt Chamberlain or an Earl Monroe are known to all, Moss has had trouble convincing anybody of his own sport's worth. "Tyrone Simmons is as fine an athlete in fencing as Willie Mays and Henry Aaron are in baseball or Jimmy Brown was in football," he says. Naturally, nobody listens. But Moss does not give up. He talks, seemingly incessantly, about Simmons. One of his students once told him, "Tyrone is just a figment of your imagination." The next time Simmons was in town, Moss lined up the student and 11 other fencers and told Simmons to prove himself. Simmons did, defeating each of them, one by one. Then Daddy J, as Moss is called, asked: "Whose imagination?"

Four years ago Moss started the Afro Fencers Club to give his students a year-round base of operations. He gets some financial and from civic groups but he has always paid his dues along with everybody else. Simmons remembers the times when he couldn't afford to go to meets. "But Daddy J and I would go anyway," he says. "He reached into his pocket and paid the bills."

A Temple University graduate who teaches in the ARD Self Help Educational Center, Moss has as many as 85 athletes who turn out for fencing annually at Malcolm X. He has never dropped one from the squad. "They are all welcome," he says. "I work them

hard, but there are never any hard feelings when someone quits."

Under Moss, the school has won four state and five city titles and was once unbeaten through 33 dual meets. Simmons and Blake had a tactic for any classmate who thought fencing was a snobby sport. Blake says, "We would get one of them to challenge us, take him out on the strip and tear him up."

Before taking up fencing eight years ago, Simmons considered himself an artist. "But once I found fencing, I went five years without picking up a brush," he says. He is an art and phys ed major at Detroit now with an interest in either commercial art or teaching. A large stall life, his own, dominates the traffic in his room. But recently he turned to the camera—because of fencing. To solve a Soviet technique he came up against in Turin, Italy, Simmons, with the help of an American teammate, filmed the Russian fencer who had defeated him and held a few dozen private screenings when he returned to the States. Simmons met the Russian later and won.

"Tyrone is an international sponge," Moss says. "Any great athlete has the creativity. He learns what he needs in international meets and teaches it to his teammates in practice."

Simmons has found that European fencers take shorter steps for better balance and are more subtle in their hand movements than Americans. Perry says, "Once Tyrone identifies a problem, he solves it. He will say, 'This cat is doing such and such,' and he prepares for their next bout. I have never seen an indication of his limit. He is imaginative and analytical and the only thing he needs to become a world-class fencer is experience."

Most coaches believe that a fencer must first have experience at a level before he can expect to win at that plateau of his development. Moss doesn't agree. "Whatever you accomplish at any level is just a matter of doing it when you get there," he says. He has a firm advocate in Simmons. "I believe I am the best and if someone is going to beat me he will have to prove it. But don't think I'm going to wait around until he does. If fencing were reality, each touch against me would mean that I had been wounded or killed. I don't like being killed." Especially by someone over 30. **END**



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Don't give up on a wayward gundog. See Jack MacKintosh, who curbs the recalcitrant, soothes the frightened and teaches one and all

School for problem pups

This is the busy time of year for Jack MacKintosh, a former Scottish gamekeeper who now runs a kennel in Millbrook, N.Y. MacKintosh is a superb trainer of problem gundogs, perhaps the best in the country, and anguished dog owners as far away as Florida, Texas and Canada regularly ship him retrievers that won't retrieve, pointers that refuse to point and spaniels that spook at the sound of a shot. "Aye," says MacKintosh, giving a nod toward the culprits in his kennel, "most of them wouldn't be here if they weren't bad actors."

Instead of laying on an instant thumping, MacKintosh approaches his charges with all the self-assurance of Father Flanagan greeting a dozen Mickey Rooney's. "Dogs are like kids in a classroom," he says. "They're all individuals, and you've got to get to know each one. Some are hard, some are soft, and you can't beat

them all the time. You have to show you're boss, but you have to do it in a manner so the dog won't lie down or quit on you. Sometimes the worst dog in the world proves to be one of the best. It's all a matter of understanding."

One of MacKintosh's greatest assets is his voice, which can range, with dramatic suddenness, from a throaty, threatening burr to the softest, sweetest coo. "Ya rotten sod!" he will hurl at an errant dog, but as soon as the dog obeys, MacKintosh singsongs, "Good dog, good dog. Aye, that's the good ladde." Gundog fanciers, who go to Millbrook to observe MacKintosh at work, listen with the privileged bliss of opera buffs admitted to a Callas rehearsal. "Tone of voice is very important in teaching a dog," MacKintosh says. "I know two owners who just can't train dogs because they can't put it in their voices to tell their dogs they're pleased."

Most of the problem dogs that MacKintosh gets are chasers—dogs that run off in a field to hunt on their own. "It's caused by the owner who tries to train the dog himself and then gradually gives up," says MacKintosh. "So the dog has been chasing birds all over the country for two years. A dog like this gets keen on game, and when you take him hunting, off he goes. He lines out half a mile in front of you, flushes a bird and then chases it. The owner could smoke a pack of cigarettes by the time the dog finally comes back. Sometimes dogs like this lose their bearings and never come back."

MacKintosh works a chaser on a check cord in a field with planted live pigeons. When the dog rushes a flushed bird, MacKintosh restrains him and doesn't shoot. "If the dog is intelligent he soon catches on," he says. "He finds he gets game with me and none on his own, and that's the best lesson of all."

Hardmouth is another problem. "I had some beauts last year," he says. One was a Labrador of outstanding field trial lineage who had a mouth like a miniature guillotine. "All I'd get back at first was a piece of bloody pulp between two wings," MacKintosh says. He cured this dog by making him sit with a dead pigeon in his mouth. The instant the dog started to bite, MacKintosh read him off and took away the bird. Then he would open the dog's mouth with his left hand and draw the lips down with his fingers so they were directly beneath the two big front teeth, or tusks as MacKintosh calls them. He would then place the bird in the dog's mouth with his right hand. Every time the Lab started to clamp down, MacKintosh's fingers pressed the tender lips up against the tusks until the dog yelped. He says, "A lot of dogs have hardmouth put into them wrestling with sticks or getting a bad bird."

A number of factors can cause gun shyness, which in turn can prompt additional problems. "You can get a gunshy dog that won't flush a bird because he figures the shot is coming right afterwards," MacKintosh says. "Then the owner starts to punish him, and the dog associates the punishment with the bird because that's when all the

continued



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bad things start to happen to him."

MacKintosh had a classic case of gun shyness last year with a golden retriever that inexplicably went bad when a year and a half old. The distraught owner shipped him off to one trainer who returned the dog as incurable. Then the owner sent the dog to MacKintosh. In the kennel the golden was obedient and friendly, but when he got out of the truck in the field and saw a gun, he would flee back to the truck. MacKintosh planted pigeons nearby and got the dog to flush them. No shots were fired. The first time MacKintosh did shoot, the golden turned tail. The dog was then worked on a check cord to prevent his running away, and another dog was taken along to do the retrieving. After three months of coaxing and cajoling, MacKintosh sent the golden, by then eager to flush and retrieve, back to a happy owner. "I finally figured out that dog's problem," MacKintosh says. "He must have got sprinkled accidentally with some shot in the backside when he chased after a bird he flushed. From then on, he lost all interest because he associated puns with that sting, and I had to change his mind."

On occasion, MacKintosh will take on a dog that requires special training. A duck and dove hunter down South, who had been paralyzed from the waist down, wanted a young Labrador bitch to be steady and retrieve to his wheelchair. MacKintosh taught her to do the job. "It wasn't difficult," he says. "I'd sit on a chair in the field and work her from there. There's no great difference between a dog delivering to hand or to a wheelchair."

When required, MacKintosh gives a dog a thumping. This usually consists of hard whacks on the rib with a chain collar. "You have to punish a dog promptly on the spot to correct him," he says. "You can't do it later, and you can't nag. Some dogs need a hiding just once, and for soft dogs the voice will do. You don't want a dog to cringe or shy away from you." MacKintosh gets his share of "wild dogs," and he is bitten three or four times a year. He shrugs it off as part of the job.

For a time, electric shock collars were popular training tools. A disobedient dog a hundred yards away can be jolted by remote control, but MacKintosh is very wary of electric collars. "If they are used," he says, "they should be used

continued

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Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN ZX (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 (81)	49 (70)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
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END RESULT	(164)	162	159
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

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5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147)	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131)
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137)	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131)
6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137)	12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130)
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by an expert trainer. I'm sure electric collars have ruined a lot of dogs. People should avoid them." Not long ago, when a customer happened to mention a certain trainer who was known for his reliance on the collars, MacKintosh allowed an rich burr. "I don't know how good a trainer he is, but I hear he is one hell of an electrician."

All things being equal, MacKintosh would rather train a dog from a home, even a spoiled lap dog, rather than one kept outside in a run. "A dog from a home knows people," he says, "but a dog from a kennel doesn't. I've seen kennel dogs that don't know how to go up and down stairs. Dogs learn a lot living around people. They're quick to pick up moods and voices. One of the smartest dogs I ever saw was a Lab. I think that Lab knew every word in the language because his owner talked to him continuously." Bob Elsen, a friend of MacKintosh's and proprietor of The Coffee Spot, a local restaurant, adds, "I knew the owner, too, and he was drunk half the time. I think his dog used to drive him home."

Now 47, MacKintosh was born in Connon Brae, Ross Shire. When he was 14, he left school to work on the estate of Sir John Stirling, where his father was the inside gardener. At first he was an apprentice gardener, then he became an assistant gamekeeper, where he soon proved himself with problem dogs. He cured a pointer of chasing hares by tying a 14-pound hare to the dog's collar and making him lug it around all day. A wild curly-coated retriever that broke on rabbits was not so easy. Finally he took the curly to a railroad embankment that housed a number of rabbits. He measured off the distance from the fence at the top of the embankment down to the steel tracks below. It was 60 feet. He got a 60-foot rope and tied one end to the curly and the other end to the fence. He told her to stay while he then flushed rabbits from their holes. "Each time a rabbit ran out," he says, "she ran down that steep embankment. When she hit the end of the rope, she flipped and hit her rear end on the track. She did this three times, and then she was done."

In World War II, MacKintosh served four years in the Royal Navy aboard torpedo boats and minesweepers off Africa and southern Europe. In 1956 he emigrated to the U.S. after Alec John-

ston, a fellow gamekeeper who had been brought to Millbrook by Robert Montgomery, the actor, urged him to come over. Professionally, MacKintosh is the superintendent of Schoonhoven Farm, owned by Thérèse Thorne McLane, and he trains dogs only on afternoons and weekends, which is why he limits his kennel to about 20 dogs. On the farm, MacKintosh likes to garden, and he has won 10 gold medals and 100 blue ribbons for his bulbs, mostly freesias, at the International Flower Show in New York.

For a number of years MacKintosh specialized in field trial retrievers. He handled Whygin Cork's Coot, a Labrador, to four wins in derbies. Under another trainer, Joe Riser, Coot went on to win two National Open retriever championships. Field trial dogs take more time than MacKintosh can spare, but he is always in demand as a judge or a gun or a bird-thrower at trials. He probably can throw a live duck higher, farther and more accurately than anyone living. He throws with such enthusiasm that his shoulder is often sore for several days after a trial.

From early spring into June, MacKintosh usually has openings for dogs. Starting in July, he is booked solid into October, and customers must go on a waiting list. About half the dogs in residence are problem dogs new to the kennel; the others are repeaters back for a refresher course before the hunting season starts. For the duck hunter, MacKintosh figures he can get a retriever or spaniel to retrieve doubles in water in about six weeks' time. Flushing dogs, either spaniels or retrievers, take about three months each, and pointers and setters longer. Every dog gets to work at least five days a week. The rates are unbelievably low—only \$3 a day for both board and training, less than it costs just to board a dog at most kennels. Live birds are extra. Pigeons are \$1 each and pheasants \$4. Dead birds are free, and so are live ducks unless a dog kills one. "But that rarely happens," MacKintosh says, "because I don't work a dog on live ducks until he's proven himself on dead pigeons."

Generous and outgoing, MacKintosh encourages customers to come as weekend guests. "I want them to shoot over their dogs to see how they're progressing," he says. "Then again, a lot of customers, especially new ones, can use a little teaching themselves."

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Wheels of Fame and Fury

by JACKIE STEWART and PETER MANSO



Champion of a sport that has made him both renowned and rich, Jackie Stewart has a clinical eye for its terrible risks. With rare candor he writes of speed, danger and death

CONTINUED

Jackie Stewart is a man of conspicuous good sense who does not intend to die in a racing car. In 1969 he won the first of his two championships in an Anglo-French Matra. The following year he switched to an English March. He also began keeping a notebook, the substance of which will be published June 16 in book form by Farrar, Straus and Giroux under the title "Faster! A Racer's Diary." This article, dealing with what Stewart calls "the most painful and illuminating year in my life," is taken from the book.

March 3, 1970. This morning, a real fright. My wife Helen and I arrived in Johannesburg yesterday for the South African Grand Prix, did a film for Ford in the morning, then had the rest of the day off. Today nothing at all, so we went into a game preserve in an open Land Rover and soon found ourselves within 20 paces of a rhinoceros. During the day we also were in among a herd of buffalo, close to baboons and other animals, and I was frightened, especially when I smelled a lion in the bush. At first I couldn't see him, but when he came out into the open, I was scared to the point where I could hardly operate. He was sitting back on his haunches with his legs straight out in front, eating an impala, and the muscle of the beast was terrifying. I had never before seen a lion up close, and even if I had had a gun, I am sure I couldn't have dealt with him.

When I was 15 I was in a similar position. Then I was beaten by a gang in Scotland, quite badly beaten at a bus stop, and that scared the hell out of me. Thunder and sharks, as well as the sea, also scare me, and I think that is because I understand what they can do. Airplanes, though, bother me not in the least. Several times I have been in the cockpit of a 747, and it is clear that a man can control the aircraft. He can adjust its rate of descent, alter its course and its stall speed, and even with all kinds of mechanical damage and in the worst weather conditions he has a fair chance of bringing it in. But these other things, the sea particularly, they are entirely beyond man's control.

In this respect, of course, people have the grossest misconceptions about racing drivers. I have never considered myself a particularly brave person. My racing certainly is not brave, not in the sense, say, of bullfighting. Everybody figured that when I returned to the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa in 1967 I wouldn't go well because the previous year I had had an accident there. As it happened, it didn't affect my driving at all. I had a new respect for the place, but I was able to store it away, make it work for me. Not that there wasn't fear, but what fear there was I was able to control, and I am not at all sure that this is what is meant by bravery.

March 8. Speed: really the whole business is the reverse of speed, how to eliminate it. In a racing car speed doesn't exist for me except when I am driving poorly. Then things seem to be coming at me quickly instead of passing in slow motion. It's the surest sign that I am off form, the kind of thing that happens whenever I go too fast too early on a strange circuit. For the first lap or two everything seems too fast. Then, once I have learned the

course, I see things a long way off in fine detail. A corner will come toward me very slowly, not unexpectedly. There is plenty of time as I am closing in on it, plenty of time to brake and balance the car, to turn in, hit the apex, go through and hit the exit and even look down at the rev counter to see how quickly I have gone around. On the other hand, when I am driving poorly I will go into the corner at the same speed, but everything is a great rush. Things are coming at me rather than passing me, and I am all ruffled. None of it is of a piece, my movements are not coordinated and it's like first learning how to drive.

When some people speak of speed, they really don't know what they are talking about. Two hundred or 180 mph in a Formula 1 car, if you are plugged in, is literally like 80 or 60 on the highway. The car is made to go that fast. It is stable and very easy to drive in a straight line, and once you are used to it things do not rush past in an enormous flurry. They are actually very clear. A tableau spreads out before you—things going past, a new field coming into view—all of it in sequence like a slowed-down movie film.

Through the turns, though, is where the true character of the car shows itself. A Formula 1 car is like an animal, like a thoroughbred racehorse in its sensitivity and nervousness. To get the best out of it you must treat it gently and sympathetically. In a corner it is right on its tiptoes, on the very edge of adhesion, and if you dominate it or try to push it around it will go straight on or slide off or do any number of things that leave you without control. So you coax it—gently, very gently—to get it to do what you want. You point it and coax it into the apex, and even after you have pointed it and it is all set up, you must be tender with it. You have set a rhythm and now you must keep it. And as it hits the apex, you take it out nicely; your exit speed is very important. You have to maintain the rhythm which you have been building all along. You must let the car fulfill itself.

May 10. My walk from the Hôtel de Paris to the starting line of the Monaco Grand Prix has by now become a ritual. Leaving the hotel by the back entrance, I walk past the commissaires, policemen, flag marshals, officials and medical people and then go by the huge crowd which has been gathering for the past 12 hours. There are people from all over Europe cheering and shouting, waving from the balconies that are tiered like so many steps up the sides of the hills. There are more people watching from yachts at anchor in the harbor, and countless others lining the streets and hanging out of café windows waiting for the start.

The intensity is indescribable. There are other Grand Prix races which are exciting and steeped in atmosphere but none so completely and in so many ways as Monte Carlo. The harbor, the palm trees, the old town itself all blend with the modern to give a feeling of nostalgia, above all a sense of intimacy, as though everything somehow still belongs there and will remain part of the place forever. More than anything, it is a feeling of harmony, and as I walk down to the car in the pits I am a part of it.

It is this very atmosphere, though, that raises stupid com-

parisons with the past. Invariably someone will say that the sport is too professional nowadays and the drivers care too much about money. Someone always speaks of "the good old days" when drivers spent their time drinking and partying, when everything was play from start to finish. Plainly enough, this wasn't the case. The playboys weren't the great drivers. At best they were the No. 2s. The Caracciolas, Nuvolaris and Fangios were all serious men committed to a goal. They were entirely professional in their approach. No doubt some of them played around, but never to the point where it interfered with their driving. It was a question of priorities just as it is today, and no matter how good they were, they knew they had to work at it. Nobody stays good unless he wants to.

June 4. Flew from Switzerland to Brussels, then drove to Zolder, where we are going to shake down the car for the Belgian Grand Prix this weekend. We couldn't use the Spa circuit itself because it consists of public roads that will not be closed off until the start of official practice tomorrow, and so Zolder. No matter the difference in speeds, I was able to go fast enough for us to make some preliminary and probably valuable adjustments.

With the Nürburgring, Spa is one of the two most dangerous circuits in the world. It is very fast, with lap speeds over 150 mph, so if you go off the road you are almost certain to hit a house or land in the trees. Frequently, without warning, it rains, and the course is so long, almost nine miles around, that it can be wet on one side and perfectly dry on the other. You can find yourself driving into a downpour at 190 mph. Last year we refused to run because the organizers had not put up enough Armco safety barriers or made the other changes we had requested. There were barbed-wire fences, drops, unprotected houses and the most minimal kind of spectator protection, and we knew that if a car went off, there would be a disaster. They have made most of the improvements now, and we are obliged to go.

The rain can be horrendous. When I had my accident in 1966 eight or nine of us spun off on the first lap because we never knew the rain was there, over on the far side of the circuit. I went off the road at approximately 150 mph and knocked down a couple of walls and part of a house and a few other things, and luckily got off with very light injuries. But I was trapped in the car for some 35 minutes. The petrol tanks had ruptured and I was awash in fuel. Fortunately the car had stayed upright, but they couldn't get the electricity switched off because the dashboard had been destroyed and was bent in around me. The pumps were going, the power was still on and the fire

risk was enormous. The fumes were getting to me as Graham Hill and Bob Bondurant, the American driver, both of whom had just escaped from bad accidents at the same corner, worked to get me out. They had to borrow tools from a spectator's car, and I had broken my collarbone, dislocated a shoulder, cracked some ribs and had a bit of a concussion.

My main concern, though, was that gasoline. I was getting gasoline burns (eventually most of my skin came off), and even though it really wasn't too painful I was very keen to get out. A helicopter was up above me, and I can remember speaking quite clearly to Graham, asking him to get me the hell out of there and into the chopper, which I thought was for me. But it wasn't. It was filming the movie *Grand Prix*, just hovering overhead with the



Motor racing's first family at trackside: Helen and Jackie Stewart with sons Mark and Paul.

cameras grinding. I was there another 10 or 15 minutes before an ambulance came, and all the while I was telling Graham to get me to a hospital in the chopper.

For many reasons I want Spa stopped. I say this categorically. I do not think the place is safe or right for modern racing. It is the fastest road course we visit, true, but the fables that have built up around the place are absurd. The notion that it is a maker of men is ridiculous. The Masta Kink is one of the fastest and most dangerous sections there but, examined rationally, it is simply another turn to be done right. You try to take it flat out at 170 mph, but the notion of limits applies to every turn, whether in Belgium or England or the States. As professionals we have to weigh the consequences of a mistake—to ourselves and to spectators. Spa does not allow for mistakes. It is dangerous to the point of folly, and so it is a risk not worth taking.

continued



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How I changed my style and improved my drives.

By Lee Trevino

Tournament winning golf requires a calm, confident attitude.

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Power steering, power front disc brakes, and automatic transmission are all standard equipment on the 1972 Monaco. It's my bag **Dodge. Depend on it.**

Dodge Monaco '72



June 6. After a practice session there was a meeting of the Grand Prix Drivers Association, which turned into a hassle when Jacky Ickx and Pedro Rodriguez stood up to insist they were going to run Spa even if it rained. The main function of the GPDA is assuring safety facilities wherever we race. Recognizing the dangers of the circuit, we all agreed several days ago that Graham, the vice-president, was going to drive around just before the start to check conditions and make the decision whether or not we would race. Now Ickx and Rodriguez aren't willing to abide by the group decision. They say they are duty-bound to run even if it is spitting with rain because people have come to see them. I understand their sentiments, but their reasoning completely escapes me. If it is raining, there is going to be a problem not only of spray but of extreme aquaplaning. Three or four of us could be wiped out in an afternoon, not to mention the possibility of our taking a couple of hundred spectators with us. Ickx is working on an image that is the direct opposite of mine. He has short hair, I have long hair; he wears three-piece suits, I go mod; he talks about risks, I talk about safety.

I like Jacky, but there is a streak of immaturity there. You see it in his driving. He will do a few good corners, then a bad one; a few fast laps, then a slow one. There is no continuity. And now he wants to drive Spa in the wet. Doubtless the man is among the top three or four drivers in the world, but he still can't come to grips with the fact that Spa, his very own Belgian Spa, is lethal.

Ickx finished up by saying that we are all test pilots and must accept the possibility we may crash and die. As I left I turned to Piers Courage and said I didn't understand what he was talking about.

"Well, you know, it's obvious," Piers replied. "He's a fatalist."

"Yes, but we aren't in this to die. Is he really saying that because we are all racing drivers, we must die?" Then Piers said a very strange thing.

"I hope that's not the way it is, but you never know," he said, and I thought to myself, "My God, he really thinks he is going to die in a racing car. He really does." And I walked off. I didn't want to think about it.

The race itself. Fortunately it wasn't raining, but I went out with a scattered engine. By the second lap I had a one-second lead. I had dropped a valve spring on the warmup lap, though, and it was getting progressively worse. I could feel the engine losing its vitality. Finally it blew, right in front of the pits.

June 21. Most of what follows is in retrospect. I couldn't keep making daily diary entries after the Dutch Grand Prix, not with Courage dead, nor could I do it for days afterward. Even now it is difficult.

Both Helen and I have seen more of life and death than most people do in two lifetimes. Four weeks after Jimmy Clark died in 1968, it was Mike Spence at Indianapolis; four weeks later, another friend, Ludovico Scarfiotti; four weeks more, to the day, it was Joe Schlesinger; two weeks ago Bruce McLaren at Goodwood. Now Piers, and it just keeps on.

Helen had come to Zandvoort. She comes only to the races where there is a nice ambience and, what with the

sen and all, we thought it would be fun at Zandvoort. She was watching from the pit roofs with Nina Randt and Sally Courage. She has been closer to Sally and Piers than to most of our friends, and up on the roof there she and Sally were doing lap charts together, sitting side by side on folding chairs.

Sally is ordinarily a high-strung girl. For the past two weeks she had been wonderful, spending time with Pat McLaren to make things easier after Bruce's death. She was wrung out with tension.

We had gone 23 laps when smoke started billowing from behind a far corner of the circuit. It was a fast, top-gear corner taken at around 140 mph, and it was obvious that a car had crashed heavily, but even at a speed reduced to extreme caution I could not be sure who it was.

In the pits my team manager, Ken Tyrrell, realized what had happened and shouted up to Helen, "See to Sally. Piers has crashed." Sally, meanwhile, caught sight of the smoke and just blew her top. Helen took her out of the pit area to a car parked in the back and told her she had heard an announcement over the loudspeakers that Piers was all right, a report that had come in from a course marshal who thought he had seen him walk away from the wreck. Sally calmed down a bit, Helen left her and went to collect their charts and stop watches.

Ken had heard the announcement too, and when I came by the pits he showed me a sign, **PIERS O.K.** I couldn't imagine anyone being all right in that mass of smoke and flame, but I didn't get another signal, so I kept on driving. I finally finished second to Jochen Rindt and drove back to the pits.

As I was stepping out of the car Ken motioned me to remove my helmet so I could hear what he had to say, and it was then, I think, that I knew Piers was dead.

Someone had given me a Coke. I remember smashing the bottle against the ground as I went off to the transporters. Yet, despite it all, my mind was cold. Absolutely cold. In neutral. All my concentration had been exhausted and I felt empty, as I always do at the end of a race. Piers' death had come as a shock, but there was no way left for me to show it. There was nothing left inside me.

June 25. Piers' funeral was in Essex in a small country church. The organist wasn't very good and the choir was composed of ladies from the village, yet it couldn't be any other way. For Piers, the son of English aristocracy, it had to be in a place where dignity would prevail without public grandeur.

At the grave, near the home of Piers' parents, Sally was distraught, destroyed, and that made me feel worse than anything. I cried right there in the open. Helen, too, and most everyone else, I think. Later we went back to the house and saw the family. Piers' grandmother was there with the munts, uncles, brothers and all the other relatives. "So nice of you to come, and we thank you for doing so much for Piers in Holland," she said cordially, even with a smile. "We really do appreciate all you've done." I became quite upset in the face of her strength.

Piers' father said much the same thing. "It was very nice of you to come. I know how busy you are, and to come all this way . . . it's really quite wonderful of you,"

continued

I told him I was terribly sorry. There was nothing more I could say, except that Piers had once explained his racing to me with something he had told his father.

"Father, you had the war," Piers had said. "I didn't."

Mr. Courage's face softened and he nodded. "Yes, I suppose that's right. I had forgotten that."

Sally was standing in the corner of the garden. She had had sedatives and people were coming to her with their condolences. Alejandro de Tomaso, the Argentinian who builds cars in Italy, was there and I heard Sally thank him for making Piers such a wonderful car. I think he understood how hard she was trying.

August 1. Arrived in Hockenheim early for the Formula 1 race and spent the morning hours of the first two days taping television spots for the British Tea Council. Since I was up early for the commercials, I saw to it that I went to bed early, and last night, as before any race, I went to bed, kissed Helen good night and rolled over without further ado. I speak of this for good reason.

Making love before a race has the same effect upon my metabolism as food upon hunger. It leaves me too contented. It takes off the anticipatory, even slightly nervous edge I need to perform well in a racing car. Nor do I eat before racing. When I am switched on, food makes me uncomfortable. A simpler way of putting it, perhaps, is just to say that I have to be hungry. I have to feel hunger in order to succeed. Whether with racing or anything else, if the goal is not something I have to strive for, go flat out for, use everything I have to attain, then, indeed it is probably not important. The hunger is a very reliable index.

August 2. Again we lost. The car continued jumping out of gear and at one point I shot straight on at the chicane. Fortunately there was an escape road and I used it. But the problem continued. I would get it in third, and then on the overrun it would jump out as I started to brake for a corner. Finally the engine blew. I walked back to the pits, told Ken what had happened and with the race still going, got into my Ford Capri and set off for the airport with Helen. Our baggage was in the car and we just drove up the Autobahn to Frankfurt, had a great shower at the airport, then went to the lounge, where I called UPI to find out who had won. The pressure, the strain, the possible risks were all gone and I felt like someone who has closed his office for the weekend.

We were in our suite at the Connaught Hotel in London by 5:30 and I felt great. I had come away from Hockenheim, and it was a fantastic summer night. We went out. At Speakers' Corner of Hyde Park we went through the dark underpass that cuts beneath the street to the park, and there were guys in army jackets playing guitars and mouth organs, girls begging for change, drawing with chalk on the walkway and singing, and when we came out onto the corner there was a huge crowd all around us beneath the streetlamp, arguing about the race problem, the medical problem, the Catholic problem. It was all part of another life, totally remote from the way I live, and it made me think about what a candy-floss world I live in, just how removed I am from the way most people live and think.

Occasionally someone in the crowd thought they recognized me but could not be sure because I was supposed to be in Germany and thus made it stranger. I was happy, light-headed, a little intoxicated, relaxed and calm for the first time in weeks. I was getting high simply watching people—fat women and skinny husbands, young people all dandied up who had come down from the country, evangelists, politicians, plain ordinary Londoners.

I wasn't listening to anything in particular, just absorbing the whole show. In some strange way I was free, outside myself, a stranger to my own reactions, puzzled but enjoying it hugely, and later, when we came out of *Midnight Cowboy*, I stood in front of the theater and didn't know where I was, actually what country I was in. If somebody had said, "You're in America" or "This is France," I would have accepted it. It wasn't that I was tired, but I have done so much in the last few weeks that I am maybe a little lost.

August 3. Went to my dentist in London and then did another seat fitting in the Tyrrell-Ford, my new Grand Prix car, which we have kept secret. The seat in a Grand Prix car must fit perfectly. You are lying down rather than sitting upright in it and, given the confines of the cockpit, the heat and all the G-loadings while you are driving, it is imperative that it be as comfortable as possible. The seat extends from your shoulders all the way down to beneath your knees, practically cradling your entire body; it is made of Fiberglas, usually without any padding, and thus it must be tailor-made for an individual anatomy and for a particular car. There is no switching a seat from one chassis to the next, say from the March to the Tyrrell, since there are different cockpit dimensions. Then, too, some cars have oil tanks inside, others have petrol tanks and still others have fire extinguishers in there, singly or in combination. In constructing a seat, each time you have to start from scratch.

First the entire cockpit is filled with sculptor's clay and the driver gets in and squishes around in it. The clay is kept warm and pliable, and in the course of a single session you are likely to spend upward of four hours pressed into the stuff, just sitting there in various positions—steering, changing gears, working the pedals—and all the while the mechanics are adding and cutting away bits of clay according to your instructions.

Today, unfortunately, we thought we had arrived at a final fitting, but it turned out that the Fiberglas mold we had taken from the hardened clay was a bad one, and now we have to redo work we thought we had finished weeks ago. Hardly major, but a delay nevertheless.

The mechanics have been working night and day, and Ken has continued to fly them back from races, sometimes by private plane. After the French Grand Prix, for example, they were driven from the track to the airport and from there flown back to London so they could start working on the car that very night. They got out of there quicker than I did, in fact, and only one of them stayed behind to drive the transporter back to England. At the Clermont-Ferrand airport people were making all kinds of jokes about Tyrrell's group going first-class, which was fine and well, but it made Ken nervous.

The car is being constructed at our workshop in Rapley, Surrey, just outside London. The shop itself is unbelievable, in a timber yard with a driveway on which you could lose a Mini in the huge potholes. Ken's office, where he normally does his lumber business, has a tree going right up through it, and the place is usually a shambles. You can't believe it, that here, in the corner of some English wood, is housed the organization responsible for some of the finest racing cars in the world: the home of the MS80 Matra, the 1969 championship car, and now the Tyrrell-Ford.

Still, we have had to take precautions. A few people have been wondering about this business of our flying the mechanics back. No one has actually said anything, but you know they have been wondering, if only because the racing world is so small and infested with rumor. Eon Young, a journalist who writes something of a racing gossip column for English and American monthlies, a man who has to have the original scoop, came down not too long ago to get information from Ken for a book he is doing on McLaren. After they had finished, he was wandering around the office. He asked Ken's wife Norah if there was anything to see over at the workshop.

"No, the cars aren't back yet," she lied to him and, sure enough, he soon left. Had he started over, they would have had to stop him and the cat would have been out of the bag. As it was, Norah played it so cool that he came away with nothing. If he had discovered it, he would have had an extraordinary story.

Nevertheless, Ken is growing increasingly nervous about word leaking out as the car nears completion. At the latest we should have it finished in a week or two and, as incredible as it sounds, we have actually been able to maintain security for five months now. Its development has been handled like some kind of military operation, as though it was a secret weapon, and apart from the concrete advantages of coming out with a sophisticated piece of machinery, we are counting on the demoralizing effect of springing it on the opposition, just bringing it out of the blue. Ferrari did this at Spa in 1968 on the final day of practice, when their cars appeared with airfoils. The point to this sort of thing, of course, is that the opposition is riding high, and then, bang, someone not only has a stronger car but they have been so organized, so efficient and cool as to have kept its construction and development a secret.

August 29. Some reflections: In the 10 years I have been racing, I have never really known a driver to have a breakdown. I have seen Jacky Ickx once or twice in fits of rage, but these were exceptions. Ordinarily he doesn't show his emotions. Perhaps someday a doctor will explain why, but in the meantime accept the simple observation that racing drivers have the gift of self-discipline: they have to.

Everyone is made up of parts, though, and drivers are no exception. Take Jim Clark, certainly one of the best of all time. While driving he was the most devious man in the world—he acted with the precision of someone who knew just what he was about, with a certainty that was near flawless. But outside a car, Jim was one of the most disorganized men I have ever known. The number of res-

taurants we missed because he wasn't able to make up his mind! The number of movie theaters we drove all over London inspecting so Jim could decide which show he wanted to see! The endless getting in and out of cabs and the damned show usually having started, the ticket gate closed, the evening pointlessly shot to hell.

He hadn't a full fingernail. He ate them. He bit back to the skin on his first joint. When he won the world championship he found it difficult to do speeches, even to make appearances because he was embarrassed at not speaking well. He knew it and he hated it. Once, when the two of us were flying back from California at the time Helen had just given birth to Paul and Jim's father was also in the hospital quite seriously ill, I wanted to get things organized and make sure nothing fouled up our connections. I mentioned this, but Jim was totally against it. He absolutely refused to let me get us VIP service. "No, no," he said. "It would put everybody to a lot of trouble." I tried to explain that the airline would be pleased to accommodate us, but he still wouldn't budge. It was as though racing was a correction of his neuroses, something which took him out of himself and gave him great release. It was his only element, the one avenue in life where he was in command and where everything came together into what I can only call the certainty of pure control. The contrast was incredible, Jim in a car and Jim socially, and the pity of it was that toward the end, in the winter of 1967 and early '68, he was just starting to get himself together to the point where he felt comfortable in public. But this was never to be. On April 7 he crashed and died at Hockenheim.

October 23. First day of practice for the Grand Prix of Mexico. The new Tyrrell managed second fastest to Regazzoni's Ferrari, so we are confident we have a potential winner. At the Canadian Grand Prix the stub axle broke; Watkins Glen was another failure, bad luck, really, as we had dominated the race; and now it is a question of the Ferraris. They and the Tyrrell's reliability. We know we are faster than any of the other Ford-engined cars.

October 25. Regazzoni led the first several laps of the race and the crowd was staying back, but then people started creeping up to the edge of the road. Ickx was going full tilt and finally passed both me and Regazzoni to take the lead, and there we were going by these people not five yards from us at perhaps 170 mph. It was insane. After a bit I was running second, and then my steering column came loose and I had to return to the pits. Back out, I was behind Brabham. Then I caught up with Regazzoni and was within three or four seconds of Ickx when it finally happened, as it had to—a bloody great dog came out and I hit him fair and square, on one of the fastest parts of the track, in fourth gear, hitting him with the right-hand side of the car, the front wheel and airfoil, and with people no more than 20 feet away.

As I hit, the impact was so tremendous I nearly lost it. The car went one way and then another, yawing back and forth, and at one point, still at about 140 mph, I was certain I was going into the crowd on the left side of the road. I was trying to get it back into shape but the car

continued

seemed to have a mind of its own—swinging this way and then that, until finally it scrubbed off enough speed for me to limp back to the pits.

The front wheel had hit so hard that the suspension was squashed back into the bodywork, the wheel itself, a casting, was bent out of round, and the monocoque had been creased from the cockpit forward. The car was almost a write-off, hardly worth repairing. I was angry, because it had been so close and so obviously unnecessary, and I went over and told the organizers just how annoyed I was. The Tyrrell's first victory will have to wait until next season.

April 12, 1971. Tonight I have a man coming, a Swiss doctor, a very brilliant anesthetist who worked with DeBakey and Cooley in Houston. Dr. Marti by name, and we will be making arrangements for him to accompany me to this year's races as my private physician. While it may be foolish of me to put this so bluntly, I knew his competence because I have had him checked. There is money in the bank. The mortgage is paid. The investments are solid. The life insurance would pay off at something like a million dollars. But money is not enough. While Helen is more and more independent and I am doing all I can to make her this way, I know I must give her every opportunity to have me for the rest of her life.

But why don't I give it up, just quit? I don't know. I really don't know. Except perhaps that motor racing is infectious, like a disease that creeps through you, grips you with such a strength that you are in a coma. Every now and then something like the loss of a friend stirs you from the sleep, but suddenly, as though you had been given another injection, you are back into it, and there you are, living and smiling in that dream. You are flying around the world, meeting people, signing autographs, making pots of money, doing all sorts of exciting things, always the center of attention, and you really don't want the dream to end. You tell yourself you can make it end, but only by a tremendous strength which you aren't sure you have, and so you leave it. You go on. You go on because you have such a cozy number you don't want to expose yourself to the cold, hard, workaday world in which most people live. You know what you do is easy and that people pay you for it, pay you well, and despite the periodic wrenches you know it is better than most things, and so you go on with it. You do not consider quitting, not seriously, not in any way that could make a difference.

Young drivers wouldn't talk like this because they haven't been through enough. Even Graham Hill wouldn't talk this way. He is not soft enough, not sufficiently sensitive to have seen it, because if he did, at his stage of life, he would surely have come to grips with it. I am certain I will never find myself in his position. There is absolutely no way that this is going to happen, no way at all. I am tired and hurting now, but I know it is all there and that it is not going to disappear. There are signs, and I have learned to read them. At Oulton Park last weekend hundreds of people were milling around in the pits, just wanting to watch me from five paces, wanting my autograph, each of them with his own idea of who I am, some of them doubtless despising me, some loving, others showing

their adulation and envy, and yet so much of it is a delusion, for them and me as well. Almost for the first time, the people did not exist for me; they existed even less than after the Italian Grand Prix, when Rindt was dead and I was finished and broken.

What this means I am not sure, except that some of it has to do with the way I am right now. But it's part of the question. It means leveling with yourself, and it's difficult for me to accept the possibility that I might not be able to carry on in this way. I am 31 years old and yet I am dogged by thoughts of my future. I feel I have an obligation to think 20 years ahead—an obligation to myself and my family, and especially to my children. I want to play a major part in their being proper kids. If I quit racing I would miss it, but I could live with that.

When will it happen? Not immediately, I know. This isn't the right time. The eventuality, though, I have accepted. Reasonably and calmly. No one was happier when Dan Gurney retired, because I knew it was right. We talked at the French Grand Prix at Clermont-Ferrand and I knew he was going to retire, he was giving me all the vibrations, and now this is what he has done.

I remember sitting with him on the edge of the grass during an intermission in practice and trying to tell him what I felt about the GPDA and the necessity for us to knock out Spa and the Nürburgring and places like that, and I said, "You know, Dan, you are one of the few guys who could put this over better than I, because people are getting a little tired of hearing my record play. But you, Dan, you're 'Dan, the big strong man,' the guy with guts who will go out and do anything, and they'll listen to you."

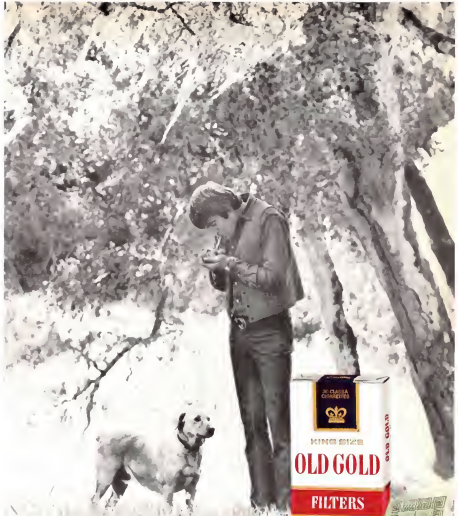
He agreed, but then went on to tell me how he felt the whole business was pointless, so terribly futile. He said a strange thing.

"Not too long ago I lay awake in bed," he said, "and I counted all the people I've known who died racing, and after a while, maybe an hour or so, I counted up to the number 57."

He was over here in Europe trying to find rejuvenation, I think, but he was also testing himself, perhaps looking for the opportunity. One way or another, he wanted to know. He wanted to spend the season in Europe, and everybody liked him, his smile and everything else, but everybody was watching him. They reckoned he was going to be competitive in a McLaren, but still you couldn't be sure. He had been out of Formula cars so long, almost two seasons, and some of us had a hunch he wasn't going to be fast enough. He wasn't. He ran at Zandvoort and Brands Hatch as well as in France, and he just didn't have it in him. Later, when I heard he was going to pack it in, I thought, "Good, he still has the discipline to know what he wants. He knows what is real." I was pleased, really happy. He had made his decision without sloppiness or a show of pain. When the time comes, I hope I can do the same.

Next Week

In Part II Stewart describes the death of Jochen Rindt, the Austrian who posthumously became world champion for 1970, and tells how his life might have been saved.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 11-17

BASKETBALL—The players' strike ended Tuesday (11) and the shortened season began again. In two days old today: Earl Boston of the Chicago Bulls, who was picking for the University of Iowa a year ago. Among the first rookies of 1981, a 6-0 son from Philadelphia in which he walked seven and struck out seven.

BASKETBALL—NBA: While Los Angeles and Milwaukee battled in the Western Conference playoff finals (16), New York and Boston were in the Eastern 116-94 in NBA Playoff Game 14 of 19 shots (and eight of 30 free throws) for 36 points and then captured 116-101. Earlier the Knicks defeated Baltimore 107-101 to take their semifinal four games to two.

The first phase in the NBA draft was LAURIE MARTIN, a 10' center from Kentucky (17th pick), Portland, followed by 6'6" center BILLY MADDON of North Carolina by Buffalo. Drafted promising players chosen were PAUL WESTPHAL, 6'10" USC and NATE McPHEE of Long Beach State by Boston, MIKE RALPH of Wisconsin-Forest by Cincinnati, DWIGHT DAVIS of Miami from Cleveland, TRAVIS GRANT of Kansas State, the college's new scoring leader, and JIM PRICE of Louisville by Los Angeles, 7'00" 81. ALER of South Carolina and HENRY HIBBY of UCLA in New York, COLBY CALDWELL of Penn. by Phoenix, and BUD WELLS of Wichita of Kansas by Seattle.

ALBA—With John Roche scoring 22 points and Bill Frazier grabbing 19 rebounds, improving New York defeated Kentucky 101-96 to win its semifinal playoff series four games to two. The rebounding Wildcats, who finished 24 games ahead of the Bulls during its regular season, thus became the first division-winning team ever to be eliminated in the first round of the NBA playoffs. It was the steepest upset in the history of the NBA. As Roche, in his 14th season with the Knicks, which had its worst record in 51 years, got a surprise shot off to a 2-0 lead when it beat New York 73-91 and 115-100. In the third game rookie John Irving scored 26 points and had 20 rebounds and 13 points as the Knicks set a playoff record for the largest winning margin (47 points). The Bulls also contributed a play-off record of 67-35 in the first round. "It's a good way to get some out of your team," said Frazier. "It's good to get some out of your system." said Rick Barry who was moved by Chicago scored only 12 points. In the second game, Roche sprained his left ankle, which he played on a wet spot on the court in the first period and missed the second Bill McMahon on the sideline. Even without either of the players, the Bulls managed to take the lead with

half more than five minutes left in the game before going to the West. Bulls fans were in semifinal series with Detroit four games to three with a 91-89 victory, then promptly lost the first game of the finals in defeating champion Lakers 106-100.

SOCCER—JANET REALOCK shot a 510-2 to win the \$110,000 Dutch-More-Calgate Writers' Circle tournament in three strokes (June 5/7).

HARVEST BAGING—BILLY OF WRIGHT (52-30), driven by Vernon Frank, scored his sixth straight win, which won the \$20,000 Triple Square Race at Vinkler Raceway by four lengths over Raymond Apple. The 6-year-old mare has now won in 10 starts this season, including three over Affarons, last year a Harbison Horse of the Year.

HOCKEY—Boston edged Toronto 3-2 on Ken Hodges' third-period goal to win its Stanley Cup series four games to one, then had to wait a week for the winner of the top-and-bottom Montreal vs. Los Angeles game played (July 20). New York eliminated Montreal in the Stanley Cup quarter-finals of the last four seasons. Four games to two by defeating the Canadiens 3-1 in Montreal to 100. Portland scored two goals and scored on another. The Rangers had dropped the fifth game 2-1 at home where Ken Roberts scored a third-period goal. It was the first time since 1950 New York had beaten Montreal in the playoffs. The Rangers then over Chicago in the semifinals and won the opener 1-2.

HORSE BAGING—AUTOGRAPIH (57-61), Angel Conditte Jr. placed, won the \$55,000 English Handicap at Aqueduct by 1½ lengths over Nettle Results.

BILLY SHORLOCKER paired his 59th career starts victory when he rode QUACK (55-10) to a three-and-a-half-length win over Fandango in the \$44,500 Bill Rogers Stakes on turf at Hollywood Park.

LACROSSE—JOHNS HOPKINS won its seventh straight (reporting top-ranked Virginia 13-1 in Charlottesville, Va. The Jays scored four goals in each of the last three periods, including 3-0 at the end of the first quarter. Attackman Jack Thomas skipped in three and scored on four others as he ran his seven total in 51 points in seven games. Scoring four goals in the first 4:00 of the game and leading 6-0 at the end of the opening period, rebounder HARVEY LARKIN in 4:00 in a row, striking Mount Washington 11-4.

The American Athletic, who had won its straight on their 14 game U.S. tour, including a 16-5 victory over Mount Washington, lost their first game, 14-7 to the CARLING LACROSSE CLUB at Longueville scored four goals.

HARVEST—HARVEST's lightbulb crew won 48 The straight regular-season victory, defeating Cambridge by two lengths. With Rogers another light bulb, in a 2,000-meter victory, the Harbison River in New York City. The Craney 150-quadrant, who won at Hestley last year, have not lost since 1966.

TRACK & FIELD—KJELLER, JAKSSON of Sweden broke the pole vault world record last the second time in one week when he cleared 18' 2" in UCLA's Meet of Champions in Los Angeles (June 18) after an outstanding performance. AL HUBER-BACH put the shot 19' 3/4" Olympic champion LIT TAVANIS posted a 44-7 in the 440- and won the lowest time of the year, and world record holder RALPH MANNIS scored the 400- and hurdles in 46-4.

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RESIGNED—After an eight-year search of the Carolina College, LDM MCHERRY, 33, who led the team to a 25-4 record.

MINDED—In his rocky JULIUS ERVING of the Virginia Squires, a five-year contract with the Atlanta Hawks, to go into effect when his first-year contract with the Braves runs out in 1973. At the same time Erving was drafted by Milwaukee, presumably giving the Hawks the NBA rights to him if he jumps Squires.

MINDED—To a five-year contract with LARRY BILLY, World Championship Tennis, and LARRY BILLY, 25, a former independent pro and the New Zealand U.S. player.

TRADED—GARY HOBBS, 33, second team All-NBA forward last year in his career career with the Baltimore Bullets, to the Phoenix Suns for a second-round draft choice and other considerations.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ON WITH THE GAME

Sus:

The problem with the public nature of the baseball strike was that it demonstrated to the fan that ballplayers are guys who fight the same day-to-day fight he does. The players and the owners especially should have realized that the average fan does not want to know that the players are involved in the same lousy, excessive struggle for the buck, or that the ballplayer, a man capable of breaking off a curve or hitting one a mile, is worried about his future.

The survival of the baseball phenomenon requires that the players as well as their abilities remain bigger than life. The players and the owners should have stepped out of the arena, rolled up their sleeves and settled the pension dispute under the stands, out of view of the fan.

As long as the players remain larger than life, they can be paid, now or at 65, on a scale that is also bigger than life. But as soon as the players too clearly and too pub-

bly assume their normal proportions, the fan will no longer put up with the game or its excesses.

Your baseball issue (April 10), with only lip-service coverage of the strike, was just what I needed.

SAM WHARTON

Jamestown, R.I.

BATTING ORDER

Sirs:

In your article *Salvato of Sinat* and *Save New York*, *Tao* (April 10) you state, "All Boston aches to see Yaz come off his woe-ful 254 season of 1971." All America aches to learn why superstar Henry Aaron was left out of the collection of Don Moss paintings as well as out of your article.

RICK WEINERISHER

Indianapolis

Sirs:

If you needed a young protégé to accompany the premier home-run hitter of

today, Henry Aaron, what's wrong with our Rookie of the Year, Earl Williams?

MARLENE CAIN

Marietta, Ga.

Sirs:

How could you possibly have an article about hitters and not include the AL batting champion, Tony Oliva? And Roberto Clemente thanks he is underpublished.

PUTT McCALLUM

Lake Benton, Minn.

Sirs:

I am still looking for Bill Melton. As a White Sox fan I am used to the Sox being ignored, but this is ridiculous.

MIKE DORNEY

Elk Grove Village, Ill.

Sirs:

Alas, no mention of Harmon Killebrew.

TIM BRALLICK

Hanska, Minn.

continued

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CONVENTION AND TOURIST BOARD OF GREATER ST. LOUIS

How Baseball Sent Its Hop to War

Somewhere, probably in Baltimore, a mad physicist is tinkering with a new design for the baseball. The present official one is certainly flawed: it soars like a homing pigeon when a pitcher is in a losing streak and falls like boiled linguini when a slugger is in a slump. But tinkers everywhere would be advised to let well enough alone in view of the events surrounding the debut of the ill-starred balata ball of 1943.

It was introduced with a patriotic flourish in America's second spring of World War II to answer the austerities imposed by war. The Office of Price Administration had listed rubber as a war-priority product, and that left it up to A. G. Spalding & Bros., the manufacturer of baseballs for both major leagues, to come up with a workable substitute. A researcher suggested balata, a product from the milky sap of the South American bully tree, a member of the sapodilla, or tropical evergreen, family. When heated, the sap crystallizes into a flexible substance like gutta-percha, the early golf ball material.

Spalding decided on a formula for the baseball core that involved the use of cork and balata, plus two layers of balata between the core and the yarn winding. Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis appointed a three-man committee to assess every specification. When all the work was done, the balata ball looked like the real article—the right size, weight and shape. And then they took it out to the old ball game.

Nobody noticed much at the season opener in Washington on April 20. Washington defeated Philadelphia in an unspectacular game, 7-5. But in Cincinnati it was something else. Warren Giles, then general manager of the Reds, had charged that the balata ball was a disaster, and he was about to prove it.

As a member of the National League's specifications committee, Giles had first been puzzled by the poor performance of the balata balls in preseason play. Puzzled and a bit sore. The committee, he said, was told that the 1943 ball had more hop in it than its predecessor. But, as Giles told the press, "We played a couple of exhibition games against the Indians and both teams got only one extra-base hit in 21 innings." He added: "Maybe they used ground baloney instead of balata and cork."

With the help of Groundkeeper Mat-

ty Schwab, Giles staged a demonstration of the behavior of the balls, which, scientific considerations apart, must have been grand fun. The two climbed to the grandstand roof at Crosley Field with an armload of 1942 and 1943 baseballs. They then dropped them to the street pavement 50 feet below to see how high they would bounce. The bounce of the older balls averaged 13 feet, the 1943 balls only 9½ feet—a reduction of 27%. Giles' point was clearly established.

The balata ball was defended by Lou Coleman, a Spalding vice-president, who said: "Give it time. It hasn't had a fair test." American League President Will Harridge agreed and insisted that, test or no test, the ball would have to do. There was a war on.

The fair test took place the very next day. Four major league games were played and all of them were shutouts. A total of 11 runs was scored by the winners. There were only 42 hits by all eight teams. There were two 1-0 contests. Cleveland's victory over Detroit, in which Jim Bagby outpitched Tommy Bridges, and a Cincinnati-St. Louis duel between the Reds' Johnny Vander Meer and Mort Cooper for the Cards, an 11-inning affair won by the Reds.

Things got no better on Thursday with three shutouts in six games. The Yankees beat the Senators 5-4 in the afternoon's highest-scoring affair. The big thrill was an actual home run by Joe Gordon, the only one hit in the season's first 11 games. Arthur Doley of *The New York Times* said of the Dodgers' 5-2 win over the Giants: "Supposedly, the jackrabbit ball was to have returned this season. If so, it was not apparent to the naked eye. Ottie [Mel Ott] took a full-bodied cut at one pitch and it dropped soggily at Dixie Walker's feet for a hit. Later Ducky Medwick got a double that had as much speed, life and resiliency to it as a grapefruit falling off a kitchen table."

Giles demanded that Landis call a new meeting of the committee and the commissioner agreed that the balata ball did seem to be below specifications. He was certain Spalding would want to make whatever revisions were needed. Coleman finally conceded the defect. "A layer of rubber cement is applied between layers of wool," he explained. "Under war conditions this cement is made from reprocessed rubber. The cement . . . in recent shipments has proved of inferior quality. Instead of providing resilience, the cement hardened to the point where the wool was affected." Brooklyn General Manager Branch Rickey put it better: "That new ball was dead at birth." Coleman hastily promised that a suitably bouncy ball would be ready for use in two weeks.

The problem for the teams was what to do in the meantime. National League President Ford Frick authorized the use of 1942 balls, which was fine for those teams that could find them. For the others, there was something of a scramble. The Pirates had used up every one of their 1942 balls in spring practice, and the Cardinals, with a supply of the old balls at the end of the 1942 season, had dutifully returned them to Spalding when plans for the balata were announced. And by now there was some residual distrust of any ball; President William F. Benswanger of the Pirates said he thought the 1942 ball would turn out as dead as the new one. But the National League teams managed to get their hands on enough to carry them through.

Harridge and his American League refused to follow the Frick policy, however, saying: "We've had no formal complaint in our league about the so-called dead ball and until we do we will keep playing with the 1943 model." So American League batters were stuck with the balatas until the first corrected shipments were put into play on May 9. That was a day of agony and ecstasy. Both Pritchard and Dierreich and Third Baseman Dick Cullen of the White Sox were struck by batted balls and had to leave their game with the Tigers victims of what must have seemed like rabbit punches. Batters smiled, pitchers seethed. Getting their first lick at the new balata, the Yankees leveled the Athletics 13-1. Even the A's must have been glad to have a ball with more bounce to the ounce.

—JACK MURPHY



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Sirs:

You've got to be kidding! How can you possibly call Aurelio Rodriguez the second-best third baseman around? Haven't you ever heard of Graig Nettles? Last year he broke two fielding records—most assists in a season and most double plays by a third baseman. In 1970 he was the top fielding third baseman in the AL—yes, even better than Brooks.

JOHN M. URRANCHI
East Cleveland, Ohio

STARTERS AND RELIEVERS

Sirs:

William Leggett's writing about the different pitchers and their performances last year (*Masters of the Mound—and the Game*, April 10) was truly interesting, especially the part about relief pitchers and their changing roles. As for the starters, I agree with the George Sieners' rating that Tom Seaver was more efficient than the two Cy Young Award winners, Ferguson Jenkins and Vida Blue. Tom Seaver should have been the Cy Young Award winner in the National League.

ROBERT ELLIOTT
Shoreham, N.Y.

Sirs:

Anybody who rates Seaver ahead of Blue according to last year's statistics is either very misinformed or very innocent.

BILL MANGAN

Dayton

Sirs:

I noticed that the name of Dodger Pitcher Al Downing was missing. However, I did see the names of superstars like George Stone and Ray Sadecki. Last year Stone had a sizzling 6-8 record while Sadecki pitched a red-hot 7-7. Of course, all Downing did was win 20 games, come within a few votes of winning the Cy Young Award and become the recipient of the Comeback Player of the Year award. Who are the Sieners trying to fool?

TOM NOLET

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your baseball articles very much, but how the George Sieners ever created those ratings for relief pitchers is beyond comprehension. They did a fairly accurate job rating the starters, but can Ken Sanders, for example, receive about the same rating

as Roger Nelson? Sanders worked 136 innings (all in relief), finishing a record 77 games, saving 31 and winning seven for a club that won only 69 games. Nelson barely got dirt in his spikes.

MARC LAWRENCE

Monroe, Wis.

Sirs:

A cursory viewing of the Sieners' 10 top-rated relief pitchers reveals the glaring omission of Dave Giusti, once again illustrating that any rating system based solely on statistics cannot be 100% valid. Anyone who has observed Giusti on the mound the past two years knows the intangibles that make him the best.

WILLIAM OLESZEWSKI II
New Derby, Pa.

Sirs:

How can the Sieners say that Steve Hamilton is more effective than Tug McGraw? Who else but Tug could come on any time in the game and pitch one great inning after another? You have to like someone with the best screwball since Carl Hubbell.

RUSSELL RUMELT
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

continued

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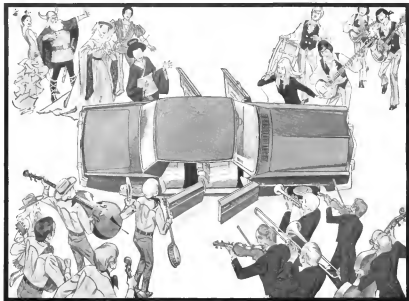
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15TH HOLE

HOPE IN PHILLY

Sir:

Thank you for the article on the NHL West (Terry Kutz Smith on the Rocks, April 3). Although the Philadelphia Flyers did not make the playoffs, I was very happy to see someone recognize the most underrated hockey player, the Flyers' Bobby Clarke. On Dec. 19 the statistics showed Clarke as the 75th-ranked scorer in the National Hockey League with five goals and 11 assists for 16 points. Dental surgery and a weight problem prevented Clarke from being the star he was to become later on in the season. His scoring streak began against Boston and ended against Buffalo, a stretch of 47 games during which Bobby scored 30 goals and 35 assists for 65 points. Bobby finished the season with 81 points, pretty good for a 22-year-old who played the last eight games on one leg and plenty of goals.

After three years, Philadelphia hockey fans can now sit back and watch with pride as Bobby Clarke develops into the first superstar the Flyers have ever had.

JACK SALLER

Philadelphia

WILT'S STYLE

Sir:

SCOTTCARL (April 3) made mention of the wristband-headband fad now sweeping the playgrounds. We of the Philadelphia 76ers also thought Wilt Chamberlain's wearing a headband would cause kids to emulate him, that's why we staged a Wristband-Headband Night as long ago as Nov. 12, giving away 3,200 items to kids and then putting them on sale at our concession stands, where they've taken over as the No. 1 seller.

Oh well, at least the 76ers can claim to have beaten the Lakers at something this past season.

RICH BARNABILEA
Director of Promotions
Philadelphia 76ers

Philadelphia

Sir:

While Wilt Chamberlain may be partially responsible for the increased use of wristbands (SCOTTCARL, April 3), I think that the real reason for the proliferation of this item is, quite simply, hair.

Since the functional crew cut has, at least temporarily, gone the way of the two-handed set shot, today's athletes have been forced to seek other means to combat the vision problems posed by long locks. Sweatbands, or headbands as they are now known, are in most cases a necessity, not a fashion item.

BILL PERLEY

New Bedford, Mass.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

1. Volume 105, Number 10, November 2003, pp. 1001-1002. 1001



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